



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

THE world of which Canada forms so large but unappreciated a part, is so absorbed with hearing "All about the war and what they kill each other for," that it is difficult to find any topic not "buggy" in its tendencies which will likely be of even passing interest. I feel quite certain that if the sensationalism which at present characterizes the daily newspapers is continued, the public will soon weary of "despatches" printed only to be denied, and of "news" which is constantly being discovered to be pure fabrication. Nevertheless, this condition of public sentiment was sufficient to send me to New York a week ago last Saturday, with an idea of beholding the attitude of the "great republic to the south of us" in the supreme moment of declaring hostilities against a nation which has a history even longer than the pulse of the country which is about to wipe the colonies of Spain off the face of the earth, if the declarations of the press of the United States are to be accepted.

The scene in New York was not one to cause the spectator to respect the Government of the United States or to hold in high esteem the motives which underlie this practically indefensible aggression. As a rule the people seemed to regard the whole business as a grand bluff, as a game of political poker in which they held so strong a hand that Spain could not do anything but lay down her cards and lose everything she had at stake. Contact with a people who are firmly convinced that they can "lick the earth" is never pleasing. To observe the performances of such a people when they have an opponent admittedly too weak to make more than a show of resistance, is to feel the sense of contempt always excited by the antics of a bully. This grows into a feeling of abhorrence when the onlooker belongs to a contiguous nation speaking the same language; worshipping the same God in the same orthodox manner; striving for the same trade, perhaps more legitimately, yet possessing not more than ten per cent. of the population of the United States. The Canadian who feels the pride of the territory in which he was born, and which if time be given will some day be densely populated, revolts against the assumption of the people of the United States that they are the political pope of the New World whose anathema may be made to strike as dumb and whose hand may fall upon us at any hour. We who possess the greater half of this continent, a possession which came to us by neither fraud nor intrigue, do not care to be made feel that a grand aggregation of purse-proud political cutthroats and commercial sluggards—such as is the Yankee mob which shouts for war—hold that we are existing because their Christianity and humanitarianism prevent them from making a light lunch of us. Yet if you had been in New York during the past week you would have heard this sort of thing expressed by the mass, and would have been impressed by the fact that this sentiment is general, except in the clubs and business circles, and in those places where people who have a knowledge of the size and importance of other nations congregate. In the squares before the newspaper offices where thousands read with swelling pride news of the capture of a wood-scow, one felt the strength of the terrible predatory instinct of a people who worship money, conquest, and an ability to crow as the owners of the earth. I admit that I was in a state of belligerency, and little as I care for Spain and her institutions I felt a prayer rising up from my heart to the great God of war, to the Lord of battles, to Him who supervises this universe, that in time, which sets all things even, the United States may be taught a lesson which it will never forget.

A little bulletin suggesting that Canada had not bowed her knee with the promptitude which the small size of her population demanded, raised an uproar, and I had the pleasure of hearing it whispered from mouth to ear that the United States had whipped Great Britain in the last century, and had given Canada a drubbing in 1812, and was willing and able to do it again. It is all right for Great Britain to play her diplomatic game of being the friend, neighbor and ally of the United States; Canada knows the republic well, and, like Spain, we will fight to our last gasp before we can be made the "dub" that we are esteemed to be, or engage in a compact which means either our absorption or conquest.

The United States has gone through a period of commercial depression. Its government has been handed over to men who are the secret agents of great corporations and intrigues whose sole object is their own aggrandizement. In October, '96, I ventured the following prophecy:

If McKinley be elected, as he is likely to be, a war may at once be instituted in order to obtain an army, which will not be really intended to cope with a foreign power, but to keep the "Popocrats" quiet. Money cannot much longer rule in the United States without a trained force, entirely unsympathetic with the people, upon which reliance can be placed for the retention of what is ordinarily esteemed to be, and which is always declared to be, "Law and Order." This proclamation in the United States, which is as imminent as the election of McKinley is evident, will separate the United States from the great list of really free people; it will as a nation cease to be an organization responsible to its electors and attachable to movements which have for their main impulse the public good, the Christianizing of the world, the quieting of disturbances not originating in private or corporate greed. If, as I venture to predict, the United States becomes a mere factor in the financing of the numerically small but influentially great plutocrats of the world, an anarchy greater than anything recently known will develop in the great Republic, and throbs of its great emotion will be felt, to our surprise, our encouragement and our disappointment, very often in the Dominion of Canada.

All this has come about. The evils to follow the license and accursed growth of the money greed are now being exemplified by the moneyless individuals. It is not a war for the benefit of humanity, but one started as a bluff by the plutocrats to get an army and navy forced upon the United States by those who see no way so easy for the making of a living as by robbing weak powers. As we read of the prizes captured, where wood-scows are magnified into merchantmen and the value of the prize is reckoned in dollars, and the share of each pirate is exaggerated, we get an idea of what the real national commercial honor of the United States amounts to. The idea that the whole thing is a game of poker is exemplified by the New York Journal, a paper proscribed in the best clubs and families of New York and throughout the United States, which recently had as its heading, "The First Jack-pot is Ours," when the first shot was fired and the first capture made. And this jubilation was all over the capture of the Buena Ventura, a Spanish vessel which had cleared from a United States port for Rotterdam, with a cargo owned by English capitalists, twenty-four hours before the ultimatum which the United States delivered to Spain had been rejected. Something purporting to be a photograph of the man who fired the shot over the bow of this unfortunate little tub, was published in New York as that of a hero. All this violation of international law was applauded wildly by the percentage of people who ordinarily sun themselves in the park before the newspaper offices. They, the mob, were wildly enthusiastic, but the first shot that was fired has startled the people of the United States out of their dream that the whole thing was a bluff. The business men of the city knew at once that the United States was at war; that contracts could not be entered into; that enormous taxes had to be levied; that no one could afford to make an engagement when the Union was practically shut off from the world and prices would have to be increased to support a navy which in times of peace could not keep itself off a sand-bank or out of collision with a wharf. Faces lengthened and commercial transactions shortened; men

looked at one another, and those concerned in commercial transactions remarked, "This is an unfortunate business." The shrieking before the yellow newspaper offices was done by men who had nothing to lose and did not propose to fight. The mourning is done by people who have business to do, and who have contracts to fill and would like to make engagements for the future.

A marvelous feature of this whole business was the desperate grab made at the petticoats of Queen Victoria when it was discovered that New York was not properly defended. With one accord the people exclaimed, "England will not permit Spain to bombard New York." Without doubt English interests in New York are as great as those indigenous to the soil, but it is very doubtful if England's professed friendship is any more sincere than the suddenly born enthusiasm of the United States for the Mother Land.

If the hands even of the best people of the United States are reached out in friendliness to England at the present moment, and if the voices which had been continually decrying the Mother of Liberty, mean anything, then we must convince ourselves at once that Spain, too, has her offsprings; that from the Rio Grande to the Straits of Magellan the lands, excepting Brazil and the Guianas, are of Spanish instinct, similar in language and religion to the poor old country that is fighting for an honorable death rather than a disgraceful severance from her colonies. As I stated two weeks ago, these countries, though they achieved their liberty years ago from Spanish misrule, are

impooverished nation with a great standing army and an idle fleet will seek new countries to conquer, and that in their plans of conquest Canada will always seem the most desirable prize.

It might seem strange that a Canadian writing for Canadians should take this view of the war between the United States and Spain, if it were not so evident that the same mob forces may any day endanger our peace, if not our national existence. So far as the present war itself is concerned, our material advantages are all on the side of its being greatly prolonged. Indeed, if it be continued even for a few months Canada should seize the opportunity of establishing great distributing points at Halifax, St. John, Vancouver and Victoria. Shippers do not care to endanger their freights by sending them out of American harbors which are heavily mined, as these harbors are supposed to be, and where insurance rates are much greater than the freight rates. Already a great deal of traffic is being diverted from New York to Montreal and Quebec, Halifax and St. John. Projected lines of Canadian steamers which asked subsidies from the Dominion Government for the conveyance of goods and passengers southward on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, could very well afford to undertake the enterprises which a few months ago needed bolstering up by Government aid, quite independently of any assistance, for without doubt much will be sought from Canadian ports which hitherto has always been taken from the ports of the United States. During this disturbance Canada should seize the opportunity and extend her direct export business. Much ephemeral traffic will be forced upon our coast cities and steamers, but with a re-

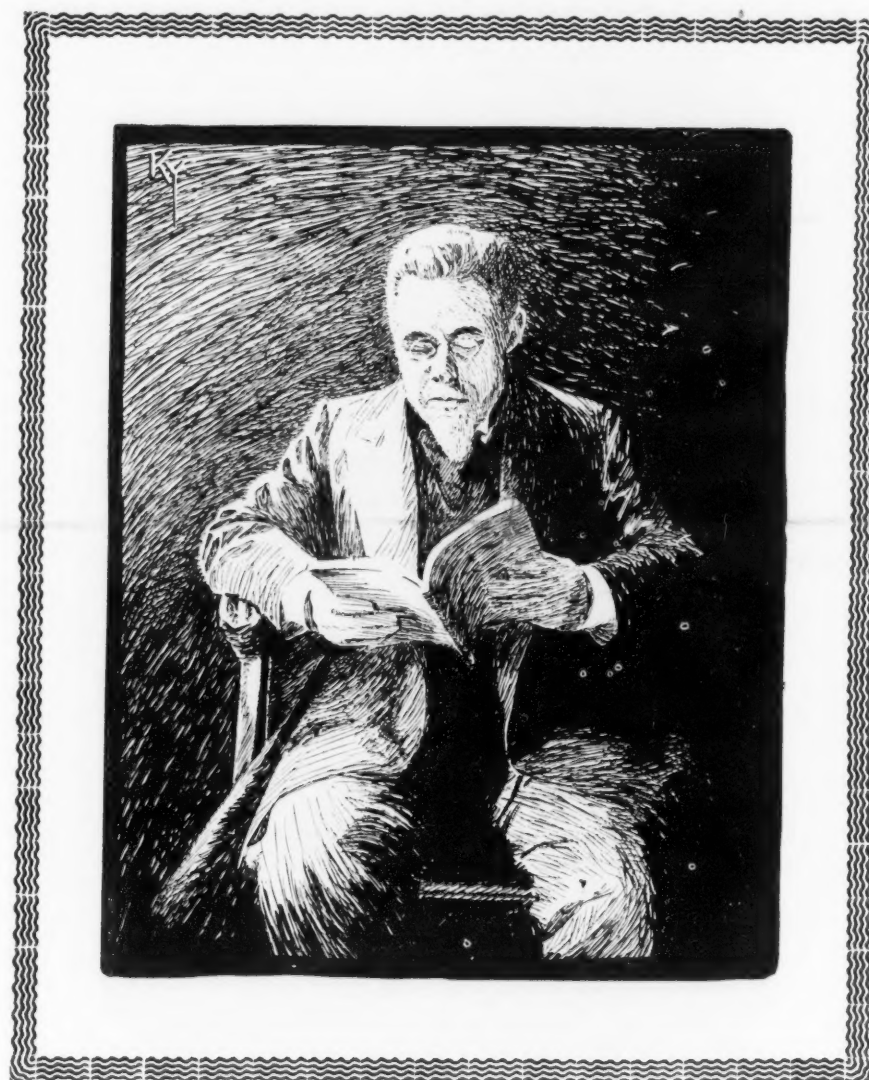
the United States flag, should be done under the British flag, and perchance before the war is over we will have succeeded so far in absorbing the business that it will never return to its old channels. I speak advisedly when I say that the Spanish-American countries which would be served would be willing to pay a subsidy for a British service, for a prolonged struggle or a contest lasting for a few months will simply isolate these people from contact with the Yankee part of America to the north of them, which must be reached by sea. No doubt the Government sees all these opportunities and is urging upon exporters the necessity of prompt action. If not, it would be worth while for something of this nature to be undertaken without the loss of day.

Outside of the possibilities of an export trade to the most disturbed area, which is that of the West Indies, Mexico, Central and South America, Canada will reap many internal advantages. Little will be gained by the heavy advance in wheat, because prices having been good the crop has been well sold and the stocks are small. Nevertheless, the fear or hope, or whatever we may call it, that the war will not be over before autumn comes and the wheat ripens again, will induce the farmers of the west to put in a large acreage of grain, such, it is to be hoped, as will teach Great Britain that if this country were to be relied upon for the bread of the United Kingdom she could easily meet the demand. We can grow more bread stuffs than would suffice for Great Britain and Ireland, and if we entered upon the task of doing it we would have no difficulty in getting people from those islands to take up our farms and undertake the enterprise of producing the cereals and meats which Great Britain must always import.

The present "ruction" is Canada's opportunity to demonstrate her possibilities and to show how able an ally of Great Britain she can be. We do not need to accept the hypocritical protestations of the official people of the United States that they are now our friends because Great Britain has been kind to them, but we should regard with the greatest earnestness the problem of taking advantage of a chance which may not come to us again in many years. The ephemeral excitement over the Yukon and the exertions of the Government to show themselves equal to the transportation of people and supplies to that frost-bitten region, should be nothing in comparison with the attempt to show ourselves equal to the absorption of population and business which the disturbed condition of the United States offers us. This is a critical moment. The favors of the gods seem to have fallen upon this good country of ours in the last few years. In the past we have been too ready to accept what has been forced upon us, and too weak or small-minded to force our business upon those who are outside of the radius directly asking for our products. During the civil war in the United States we should have built up a business which was at our hand, and yet we failed to appreciate the opportunity. It seemed to all of us who were then old enough to be in business that we were doing unusually well, and as we had not entered into confederation this was perhaps excusable. Now we should act as a unit and leadership should be found for the grandest commercial campaign ever undertaken by a new nation.

THE proposal to appoint General Gascoigne's successor from among Canadian military officers is meeting with general approbation. Just who made the proposal or what chance there is of the Imperial Government considering it I know not, but as we are annually giving to the Imperial service the best graduates of our military college and have a large force of volunteers intensely loyal to the Empire and to this country, to reach the highest place in the Canadian service should be within the possibilities of a Canadian soldier. If the material which offers itself now for the post of commander of Her Majesty's forces in Canada is somewhat crude and inexperienced, it is because our men have not been in training for the place. Give us an opportunity of holding before the eyes of the military men of Canada so high and honorable a post, and we will develop plenty of officers who will be quite as able to conduct the military business of this country as any general who can be sent to us. Those who come from afar may know much more about military affairs than our local men, but they are not in touch with the Canadian volunteer. In the majority of cases they offend our best officers and render many of our most enthusiastic promoters of the volunteer force helpless and spiritless. It is always hard to begin a new system, but the daily paper which suggested the name of Colonel George Taylor Denison, without doubt indicated the man in whom the Canadian public would have the greatest confidence. He has demonstrated his great executive ability, his loyalty and clear-sightedness, and would be a man who, if engaged in the Imperial service, would be able to point out both the strength and weakness of our system. Already he is listened to with respect in Great Britain, and as the winner of the Czar's prize for the best book on cavalry tactics, with the whole world in competition, he has a military reputation. He is not a book soldier, but a practical man, always well loved by those under his command; just, free from political bias, and a natural born leader of those whose thoughts run to war. Why should not Colonel G. T. Denison be the next commander of the militia? Possibly the only argument would be that never such another police magistrate would be found for Toronto.

Talking about the appointment of a Canadian soldier as commander-in-chief of our local forces, it seems to me quite within the limit of prudence and our rights as the premier colony of Great Britain, that Canadians should have some share in the Imperial consular service. This is the greatest self-governing colony of the Empire; it lies alongside of the greatest competitor of Great Britain; it has more knowledge of the general methods, possibilities and necessities of the New World than any other colony can claim in anything like the same regard. Australia is an island; it knows its own necessities, is insular in its prejudices though British in its sentiments. South Africa has to deal with conditions peculiar to that continent and is lacking in neighbors which are superior in population, wealth and aggressiveness. India is practically a preserve of Great Britain. In fact, no colony is subject to the peculiar conditions which are a part of our every-day life. Taking all these things into account, it seems to me that at least a dozen Canadians who are good business men and understand this section of the world and know something as to how traffic is managed on this continent, should be given positions as consuls at points where Canada desires to develop her trade. Even a year's residence would give them an expert knowledge of what was going on, and this information would be valuable, not only to Great Britain, but to Canada. Take the present British consular reports, and they rarely, if ever, have any reference to Canadian goods, how they should be packed, handled, prepared, or offered to the merchants. Supposing we had a dozen men who were not appointed for political reasons, but because they understand business; they might be given a year's residence in a dozen places, infusing new blood into the British consular service and providing reports valuable alike here and in Great Britain. They would train the more or less permanent underlings of their offices to regard Canadian interests, and then they might be moved to twelve other places, thus every year providing an effective education to the consular staff of a dozen chief commercial cities in various countries. As nearly all the work is done by the vice-consul, these men might be given opportunities to travel and visit other consulates, and thus in a little time Canadian interests and products would be



SENOR POLO Y BERNABE,

Spanish Minister to Washington, who, with his Staff, is now residing in Toronto.

A despatch from London, Eng., on Wednesday said: In the Imperial House of Commons yesterday Hon. Mr. Balfour, replying to the question of Mr. James F. Hogan, anti-Parnellite, respecting the presence in Toronto of Senor Polo y Bernabe, said: "Senor Polo y Bernabe is now a resident of Toronto, and is in exactly the same position as any other foreign resident in a private capacity in Her Majesty's dominion, and he has no limitations placed upon him other than the duty of observing the provisions of the foreign enlistment act. There is no foundation for the suggestion that he is accredited to the whole of North America, and has therefore a definite status in Canada."

Spanish in sentiment, in language, and are controlled by the same religious impulses. More than this, they are controlled by the commercial instinct which is felt by Canada, that if one country is absorbed by the United States the others will have to follow. In none of these countries, no matter what professions they may make, is there any friendliness to the United States. She has been an interferer and a marplot in their little wars; she has been a bully and a self-assertive arbitrator in their disputes; she has been an aggressive, pretentious and abominable disturber in every little national horse trade or rearrangement of territorial limits; she has never done good to anyone and she has done harm to all, and with one accord they will deny her right to possess Cuba, which is the sentinel of the Mexican Gulf and the Caribbean Sea.

Another phase of this whole business which the United States will be long be made to feel, is this: She started this war without the sanction of the Powers, began capturing ships before there was any declaration of war or the ultimatum to Spain had been rejected; and when the indemnity which she will seek from Spain is to be arranged, these things will be remembered by the Powers of Europe, and the interests of these Powers, in South America particularly, are very great, and will prevent the costs being given to the plaintiff. Whether she wins or loses, we may all remember this, that she will be the great sufferer. The United States is paying by millions of dollars for suspension of business, for the disturbance of her affairs, for the withdrawal from the seas of what few vessels floated her flag. If this goes on for years she will be the middleman of no nation; she will sit aside and eat out her own vitals, spending money that she cannot recover from others, engulfing herself in national debt which will mean taxes so heavy as to prohibit the manufacturer of goods being in competition with the world. "Give us peace," should have been her prayer; and while Canada will surely reap a brief advantage from the conflict, we must recollect that an

turn of peace this will fade away. A reasonable expenditure of wisdom and money should be made to establish permanently a great deal of traffic which the United States should never be able to get back.

I am informed that the Michigan Central is ferrying about two thousand cars a day across the Detroit River for transmission through our territory on their way to the sea. Much of this business should stay in Canada and be shipped from a Canadian port. The Wabash, which recently leased the old Air Line of the Great Western Railway from the Grand Trunk, is said to have more freights offering than the capacity of the line will carry, the sidings not being long enough to hold the trains which need to pass one another. No doubt the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific are enjoying a still greater increase of business. Our lumbermen should load their ships at once and send them to the markets that we have been so poorly supplying in Mexico, Central and South America, for United States lumber appears to be a contraband article when found on any ship, if the Buena Ventura incident is not declared to have been in violation of international law. Dealers in our fish products, which have so large a market in South America and could have tenfold the sale that they now have, should put their goods on British bottoms and under the British flag visit the ports where the chances are so good for establishing trade. All the articles which those people need must be supplied by somebody, and with similar products to the United States, though somewhat cruder in finish, Canada can supply, and should make it her business to supply them at once. This Dominion should not be slow about moving now that a movement is evidently the proper thing to make and profits are likely to be unusually large. All our West Indian business should be doubled and trebled; the carrying of passengers along the Pacific coast as far south as Panama, now done entirely under



known, respected and attended to. Furthermore, manufactures in which Canadians could compete might be brought to the notice of those of our people who are willing to undertake such things, and incalculable good thereby accomplished.

Such a system is not at all impossible, for while the British consular service is one of examination and promotion to a certain extent, all sorts and conditions of men are appointed who go through the years of their service without doing their country any particular good, and are pensioned. In the United States the life of a consul is only the life of the party government which appoints him, and yet it is doubtful if his reports are not much more to the point and of greater value to the merchants and manufacturers and exporters than those sent to the Foreign Office in Downing street. We are giving up something to Great Britain in the way of tariff discrimination and asking nothing of a similar sort in return. With becoming modesty and feeling that we have a place in British trade, Canada might ask with perfect propriety to have an opportunity of assisting in a work which is now by no means too well done. The clamor of many Boards of Trade in Great Britain indicates a feeling on the other side of the ocean that the service might be improved, and this suggestion seems to me to be nearly all the bill as anything that is likely to be offered. It would lead Canadians to study trade topics more closely than they do at present, for an ambition to fill such a place would create experts who would be useful before going abroad and would be exceedingly valuable when they returned to their own country. It would draw the ties between the mother and the younger land closer and would be good politics for the party that proposed it.

ONE of the things the people of this country should remember is, while wheat and other food products may appreciate in value during the season when they are not being produced, that the United States will internally be almost at peace as far as the productive energies of her people are concerned. Her export business will be damaged, but that will mean a larger bulk of goods to be disposed of in a domestic way. No great rise in prices can be anticipated, except in articles which are specially taxed to provide funds for the maintenance of the army and fleet. More or less of a congestion must follow, which will produce a tendency to slaughter goods on this side of the line and in Mexico in order to obtain ready money. As they will raise ample to feed and clothe themselves we can expect our great advantage only in the direction of export. People who indulge in dreams of high prices all around, such as reigned after the Crimean war and the United States civil war, will almost certainly be misled. The conditions will favor our development, greater freedom of money in some respects and greater stringency in others, because some Canadian money will be placed to advantage on the other side of the line. Immigration will be increased and a greater hopefulness manifested. But against all this will be the disturbance which uncertainty always creates, an unwillingness to enter into contracts, and an expectancy of war prices. It is to be hoped that no speculative craze will overrun Canada, even if the war shows every sign of being indefinitely prolonged. It is only by avoiding any "boom" wildness that the Dominion can get its best advantage from having its greatest rival for a time taken out of the export business. Don.

#### The Carranza-Sigsbee Duel.

CAPT. CARRANZA, a member of the staff of Senator Polo, the Spanish Minister to Washington, who is now residing at the Queen's Hotel in Toronto, challenged Capt. Sigsbee and General Fitz-Hugh Lee to a duel because of insulting references made by them to Spanish officers. Press despatches say that Mrs. Sigsbee asked the challenge in her scrap-book as a curiosity, and although the challenge is being discussed in every newspaper in America and put up on every bulletin, the newspapers say that Capt. Sigsbee will not be informed of the challenge until the expiration of the eight days during which Capt. Carranza said he would ignore any such challenge, but up holds a Major Reid, styled "champion swordsmen of America," and who to fight Capt. Carranza. Sigsbee and Lee are in the position of haughty officers who would not be allowed to fight a duel, but the other officer, the Major, who is a professional swordsman, is less haughty and apparently more privileged. This will not improve Capt. Carranza's opinion of Yankee character.

The following editorial from the New York Post is worth reproducing: "The Spanish naval attaché who is sending challenges over the Canadian border to Capt. Sigsbee, Gen. Lee, and we know not to whom else, is provoking much good-natured smiling among this non-duelling people, but he is really more than a smile. He is significant of much, as Carlyle would say, to one who would know something of the Spanish nature—especially that of Spanish pride which is the most towering in the world. The whole Spanish nation is now going into a duel, as it were, on a point of honor, and Lieut. Carranza but shows the spirit which actuates all his countrymen. It is a spirit born in a race which has been at war practically for 300 years. During all that time the highest ideal of manhood and honor in Spain has been the military ideal. Other peoples might be content to live, to get rich, to make progress, but the Spaniard must be *pudonoso*—that is, must have a sense of personal dignity untarnished—or else life and all the rest are worth nothing to him. Something like this sentiment going with the blood is the explanation of the otherwise unaccountable hauteur with which a Spanish beggar will discourse of his unsullied honor and of the obligation of his noble race, as if he were a very Roy Diaz de Bivar, El Campeador. Yet it was to a nation made up of such touchy duellists that the United States addressed what President McKinley calls, with admirable gravity, the "reasonable demands" that she give up what she would rather die than surrender. It would seem that one book of Spanish travels, the reading of one Spanish play or novel, should have been enough to convince our diplomats that their reasonable demands on Spain were sure to be taken as the deadliest insults."

#### Is This or That the Truth?

REV. LYMAN ABBOTT, the famous preacher who has succeeded to Henry Ward Beecher's pulpit in the Brooklyn Tabernacle and to his place in the world's attention, lectured on The New Theology in Association Hall, Toronto, on Wednesday evening. There is a story of a venerable Doctor of Divinity of the Methodist church who occupied a pulpit in Hamilton on a Sunday morning, and having been asked by the pastor to announce that he (the pastor) would preach at the evening service on The New Woman, did so in the following words: "I am desired to say that to-night your pastor will take for his text, The New Woman. I cannot neglect this opportunity of saying that I, myself, prefer the Old Woman." There will be many people, no doubt, who will say that they prefer the Old Theology. They will say this because the new theology will impress them as lacking concreteness, as involving the surrender of too much that has always been considered essential, and as leaving the uneducated man without a religion, when it is he that most needs one. In short, the orthodox man will say that the new theology would abandon the masses to regain a few scientists.

Rev. Lyman Abbott admits that he is a radical evolutionist. He says that religion is in its essence ever the same, and in its expression ever changing. The life is ever the same; the explanation of the life is ever altering. Whether we believe in the Copernican or the old Ptolemaic system of astronomy, the same stars shine on us that shone on Abraham. There is a new botany, a new astronomy, a new anthropology, a new anatomy! Why not a new theology? We are all partial evolutionists. Evolution is the doctrine of progress from the lower to the higher form; the simple to the complex. God starts with the family, out of which grows the tribe, out of which grows the nation. We find growth in all external things. We radicals think evolution is God's way of doing all things. Theology used to regard God as sitting outside the universe moulding all things. Little by little it is giving up this view. The conflict is not between science and religion, but between two sciences. If you are an evolutionist you can still be a Christian. The

medieval idea was the carpenter theory of creation. The evolutionist has abandoned that conception. God is in His world, not outside of it. As he makes it, so He rules it, just as the spirit rules the body. The doctrine that sin is not old clothes inherited from Adam, but that it comes from a lower animal state, does not lessen our responsibility. The Hebrews had no more a Divine commission than the Greeks and Romans; simply a different one. The Bible is not a book, but a library—sixty-six different books, a few out of a mass, of which most have perished. An infallible book seems to me an impossible conception. It means that it must not only be infallibly created, but infallibly understood. It would not be to the advantage of the race to have an infallible book, just as it had not been to its advantage to believe in an infallible church. We must find truth by searching for it. No Congress can make a law. All that we can do is to find out God's laws. He believes that the church would find in evolution a more human and a diviner Christ.

Dr. Lyman Abbott is unquestionably a man of great ability, a deep student and a logical thinker. But the man of orthodox views who sat in the audience listening to his lecture, was made to doubt whether the New Theology could maintain itself for long if the Old Theology were once dismantled. With the Bible regarded as but the masterpiece of human literature, and with the right to dispute even that granted; with the Fall of Man denied and replaced by a belief that he rose from a lower animal life, requiring as a consequent that the Saviour must be regarded as but a moral teacher and not a Redeemer—with these pillars removed what chance is there of keeping up any part of the edifice? Could not the agnostic win the world with his "we do not know," and supplant the New Theology with No Theology? Dr. Lyman Abbott says that he cannot believe in an infallible book unless we have an infallible understanding of it. The human heart has inward assurances, though indefinite, and faith is only put in shape by environment and teaching which organizes it and makes it bold. Let the New Theology succeed in capturing the reformed faiths, and it may follow that the masses of people will turn to the church that offers not only an infallible book, but an infallible interpretation of it, that does not try to mollify the scientist but scolds him—the Roman Catholic church. If you tear down a building its roof will not remain in the air.

#### Can a General Mix-Up be Avoided?

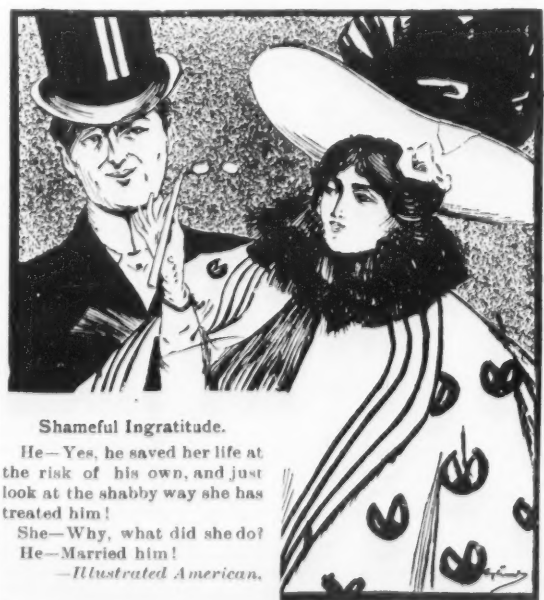
IN view of the fact that the very first boat captured by the United States warships was a Spanish vessel with a British cargo, and in view of the rumor that the Spaniards have captured a Yankee boat also with a British cargo, there is room to fear that complications will arise when privateering gets briskly under way. And some very interesting questions are likely to arise as to the position of neutrals. Great Britain declares coal contraband of war, but a despatch states that Italy does not so regard coal. The London Globe says that British responsibilities will be very large.

The situation of Jamaica makes it more than probable that one or other of the belligerents, and probably both, will use her harbors. It is against the Comity of Nations to refuse harborage or supplies—other than material of war—to the warships of a belligerent Power, and it is not likely that Great Britain will break this rule. But the determination of what is material of war will be exceedingly difficult. It has never yet, we believe, been thoroughly settled whether coal comes within that category; yet it must be obvious that, under modern conditions, to supply coal to one of the belligerents comes exceedingly near to that affording of "aid and comfort" which is itself an act of war against the other. Suppose a Spanish or a Yankee warship to enter Port Royal with almost empty bunkers, what are the authorities to do? Are they to keep her till the end of the war—a most unfriendly act—or are they to make her efficient again by supplying her with coal? It is difficult to take either course without violating neutrality. The decision to only supply a vessel with enough coal to carry her to the nearest port flying her own flag, is an elastic regulation capable of being turned for or against one of the powers by the port authorities.

Then there is the possibility of a Spanish and a Yankee warship both seeking assistance from the same neutral port. At present the rule—of which the last example is a case which occurred at Southampton during the American Civil War—is for the neutral to insist that no conflict shall take place within territorial waters, and where one warship is inferior to the other, to secure for the weaker a clear twenty-four hours' start. But this again would appear to be in need of modification in an age of steamships and swiftly decided wars. How many hours' start is a vessel to be allowed, and who decides this? Altogether, we may conclude that the international lawyers will have their work cut out for them.

Some of the European powers (notably France) are uneasy at the evident friendship of Great Britain for the United States, and fear an alliance of the Anglo-Saxon race, and if there is to be a struggle, the Latin races may see fit to precipitate it now, rather than wait until the United States becomes a strong maritime power. It might reasonably be argued that a general war is more likely than not to result from the present war—which is, so far, merely a war between rival newspaper correspondents.

The ninth annual concert of the Literary Society of Parkdale Collegiate Institute was held on Friday evening, April 22. Notwithstanding the bad weather a large and enthusiastic audience enjoyed a programme excellent both in variety and quality. Miss Mae Dickinson, ever popular with her guitar and songs, quite caught the fancy of her audience. Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., an old P.C.I. boy, played most artistically a couple of piano solos, and Miss Edith Murray, with her readings and songs, was very pleasing. In conclusion T. W. Robertson's two-act play, A Breach of Promise, was presented. All the parts were well taken and the play proved very entertaining. Miss Ida M. Hunter as Honor Milroy played with great vivacity and looked very pretty in pale green trimmed with mousseline de soie. Miss E. Alayne Jones as Clementina was very handsome and acted with grace and charm. She wore a lovely gown of pink silk, corsage and skirt edged with pink chiffon.



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He—Yes, he saved her life at the risk of his own, and just look at the shabby way she has treated him!  
She—Why, what did she do?  
He—Married him!  
—Illustrated American.

#### Social and Personal.

LAST Saturday was St. George's Day. The society named after this saint attended divine service in St. James' cathedral Sunday afternoon, and on Monday evening they met in St. George's Hall for their annual dinner. On three sides of the hall and down the center a table ran decorated with red and white roses and tulips, and each guest sported a reminder of the ancient houses of York or Lancaster—a white or a red rose. Merrie England could not claim all the guests though; Canada, Scotland, Ireland and Spain were well represented. Among the distinguished guests were: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, Sir Oliver Mowat, attended by Commander Law; Senor Juan Du Bose, Captain de la Casa, two interesting members of the late Spanish Embassy at Washington. They came with Chevalier Thompson, Spain's Consul in Toronto, who also brought the Consul of Venezuela, Mr. B. Laurence. Provost Welch of Trinity College, Col. Denison, Dr. Parkin, the able principal of Upper Canada College; Mr. Warren Burton, the president of St. George's Union of America, and Mr. Mortimer Clark were a few of the many successful men present. Mr. George H. Gooderham, president of the society, presided and well upheld the honor. An orchestra was stationed in the gallery, playing during dinner and later on when the voices were singing those short patriotic or Jolly-Good-Fellow outbursts which accompany after-dinner speeches. The platform at the end of the hall was edged with palms and flowers, and here during the evening several songs were rendered by some sturdy sons of St. George. The makers of the speeches had the advantage of a good listening and expectant audience, for war is the talk of the hour and the presence of direct representatives of one of the great powers involved gave a greater interest to what might be said. Sir Oliver Mowat's speech distributed happiness to everybody, cannily avoiding opinions on foreign topics. Some of the others who contributed appreciated speeches were: Colonel Denison, Mr. Mortimer Clark, Provost Welch and Dr. Parkin. The last named gentleman made the speech of the evening. It was a fine British speech, but the sentiment was of Empire width. Frequent references to our past relations with the United States and Spain roused a great interest. His remark that Britain had always found the Spanish nation honorable, and Spaniards gentlemen, was loudly applauded, and must have warmed the hearts of Spaniards present. The majority of the guests stayed until the last song had been sung, the last speech made, and a distinguished dinner of the St. George's Society of Toronto was ended. Many other guests who were invited were prevented from coming, and among these regrets were read from the Governor-General the Earl of Aberdeen, the Bishop of Toronto, Sir George Kirkpatrick, and several sister societies in different parts of America.

Many Toronto friends will recall the handsome face of Captain Beauchamp Coldough Urquhart of the Queen's Own Cameron



The Late Major B. C. Urquhart.

Highlanders, news of whose death was received with so much regret some short time ago. Captain Urquhart visited Toronto in the season of '93, and was a guest at several dinners and balls which were arranged during the visit of Lord Avebury, with whom Captain Urquhart traveled, and everywhere the genial soldier proved himself the prince of good fellows. Captain Urquhart was a very gallant and experienced officer, having served in the Egyptian war of 1882, and been present at Lord Wolseley's victory at Tel-el-Kebr. The medal and clasp and the Khedive's star were received by him for this campaign. Captain Urquhart was through the Nile expedition of '84-5, and at the Sudan in '85-6. He came to Canada in 1893. He met his death at the sortie against Mahmud, in the Sudanese war, on the seventh of this month.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Drury of Kingston will arrive in town on Monday and will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson in Brunswick avenue. Colonel Drury and his charming wife are always welcomed with pleasure in Toronto. Miss Macdonald of Kingston will also be a member of Mrs. Patterson's house-party during the Horse Show. Colonel Montizambert and Mr. Laybourn will also be up from Kingston for the Horse Show. The Kingston men taking part in the Military Tournament will be a very fine crowd. Colonel Drury is one of the judges, and Mr. Skynner is an expected visitor also from Kingston.

Attention was divided on Tuesday evening between the stage and a couple of the boxes, wherein was ensconced a pretty theater-party chaperoned by Chevalier and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, and including Miss Thompson and Miss Amy Thompson, who was a picture in a white evening frock; Senor Juan Du Bose, First Secretary to the Ambassador; Captain de la Casa, Military Attaché; Senor Tomas Acuaron, whose starlight proportions, as he does King street, are the delight of the athletes and pretty shopping maidens about town; Attaches Almeida and Pla; and Mr. John Hutchisson, fiancé to Miss Thompson. The Ambassador and his junior first secretary, Senor Pablo Soler, who, by the way, is a very pleasant man and says nice things in a nice way, with that martial person, Lieutenant Carranza, were not out on Tuesday evening. These eight foreigners, with an extra in the person of Senor Torroja from Philadelphia, compose the interesting party who have been in Toronto for the past week. Another Spaniard, not quite a stranger to some of us, is the genial Baldasano, ex-Consul at New York, who spent a day or two in Toronto, and is now on his way to Spain on the Gallia. The Tuesday audience made themselves very funny at the expense of the Spaniards, so far as vague guesses at their names went. Senor Sapollo seemed a favorite shot, with Aquamarine and Boose in the running. However uncomfortable the Senors may be to handle in a fight, they are certainly quite charming socially, and several of them speak English fluently. The Minister was At Home on Thursday to callers, from half-past three to five, and afterward the distinguished group paid their respects to Miss Mowat, who held her last reception this season on that afternoon. The duration of their visit in Toronto is unfortunately not fixed by the wishes of their friends, who would welcome with much pleasure the news that they had been able to open such a happy bachelors' hall as they did in Washington, where their hospitality was so unhappily brought to an abrupt close by international complications.

Never before has such a gathering of prominent visitors from outside places been seen in Toronto as will appear at the great Tournament and Horse Show next week. His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen arrive on Tuesday evening to stay at Government House with His Honor Sir Oliver Mowat. There will be a dinner on Wednesday evening and a luncheon on Thursday. His Excellency will preside at the opening ceremonies of the show on Wednesday afternoon at 2.30. A most welcome visitor will be Mr. Bryce Allan and a smart party from Boston, while Mr. E. S. Clouston, Mr. Montagu Allan, Mr. Colin Campbell, and our own "Freddie" Beardmore, are some of the good fellows who will be here from Montreal. Then Mr. Adam Beck, M.P., of London, has the famous center box 13, which, in spite of its number, has never been unlucky, and will never have looked better than next week, when one of the prettiest girls in Canada will be its bright adornment. The next to it again in "beauty row" is Capt. Morrow's box, where Mrs. Eber Ward will be. Mr. William Hendrie, Jr., of Hamilton, is the cleric of another central lodge; and Mr. Frank Walker with a Detroit party is another most gladly received visitor. Major-General Gascoigne and party and many other military dignitaries will be present in boxes 15 and 16.

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## Social and Personal.

**T**HE week has been rather a quiet one socially, and hostesses are generally reserving themselves for the expected duties and festivities of next week, when a good many things, now en train, will absorb the spare hours and encroach on the beauty-sleep of the beau monde. In the face of several untoward absences, and the slight friction consequent upon conflicting interests, the Horse Show bids fair to be a success, and the bolstering interest contributed by the Military Tournament has given much strength to the demand for boxes, as was evidenced by the very good sales made last Monday. We are assured of the attendance of smart visitors from down east, and several Buffalo people will also be here for the show. Cobourg will contribute a stylish party as usual, and Perth will not be behind former years. The Government House party, though they do not care for the theater, will not fall the soldiers and the Horse Show, and we may hope also for the attendance of the Queen's aide-de-camp and Lady Gzowski, and as Sir George Kirkpatrick is so much better, he and his popular lady will doubtless be there more than once. Many of the erst-while most enthusiastic supporters of the show will be absent. We shall miss the pleasant greeting of The Master of the hounds, and Miss Beadmore is also in Europe; so shall Mrs. and Miss Cawthra's place be vacant, and the prettiest little horsewoman in the lot, Miss Louise Jones, will just be packing up for the voyage to Canada, as I hear the family are to sail on the Wednesday following Horse Show week. These vacancies in the bright array of fashion and clever horsemanship will, however, be atoned for by some new faces and new riders. Some of the wandering dames have left their representative behind. There are some pretty festivities planned by certain "free Cubans" who don't intend to let Horse Show week go uncelebrated, and the presence in town of some beautiful and charming women will arouse many a gallant personage to the acme of hospitality. Therefore pretty luncheons, dinners and five o'clock teas, with jolly suppers, will be the rule.

There isn't much question as to which side the froth and whipped cream of Toronto takes in the United States-Spanish *melée*, since the advent of those eight charming seniors, whose names are robbing fair dames of their beauty-sleep in a wild determination to know "other from which." The fascinations of the elderly Concas, the clever De Varquez, the stalwart Bajados, and the natty, small captain of the Pinta, whose name time has flitted from my memory, during the visit of the Caravels five summers back, were a mere ripple of interest compared with the absorbing fact of eight Spanish diplomats shining in a halo of war's gunpowder glory, and peaceably corralled at that comfortable hostelry in Front street, with a bald and benign guardian angel in the person of mine host Winnett watching over their welfare. Many are the funny yarns told on the seniors. But under penalty of the wrath of Spain I am forbidden to repeat the duello story, or the curling-tongs story, which you would all so much enjoy. The Spaniards will perchance be our visitors for some time, greatly to the benefit of society, which can stand a little livening up and be the better for it.

Mr. and Mrs. William Macpherson arrived in town last week on a fortnight's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Perceval Ridout at Rosedale House.

A cablegram from Rome acquainted the Cawthra family with the news of Mr. Henry Cawthra's severe indisposition resulting from an attack of appendicitis, and in consequence of the serious aspect of the case Mr. Victor Cawthra, only son of the master of Yeoman Hall, sailed on Wednesday for Italy. Mrs. Harry Brock was also to have hastened to her mother in this trouble, which everyone hopes may end in the restoration of that courtly gentleman, Mr. Cawthra, to his wonted health, had not better news come on Tuesday.

The engagement of Miss Lillian Smart of Lindenwood, second daughter of the late Mrs. Smart, and Mr. A. Conrad Meron of Philadelphia was announced a few days since. Miss Smart has been down in New York with her uncle and guardian, Mr. W. H. Beatty, and I hear that the said guardian vastly approves of his ward's choice. Miss Lily is one of the prettiest creatures imaginable and has had great advantages and culture. Truly Mr. Meron has a right to congratulations.

A new officer at Stanley Barracks is Lieutenant Straubenzie, late of the 4th Hussars, Kingston.

The compliment bestowed upon handsome John I. Davidson of an honorary lieutenant-colonelship in his splendid regiment, the 48th Highlanders, is received with universal pleasure. Everyone likes the fine young Scotsman, to whose enthusiasm the 48th owe so much of their success, and also everyone congratulated gallant D. M. Robertson on his step into the shoes of Major Cosby when the latter succeeded to the colonelcy of the regiment. But "the first colonel" will now, by his honorary appointment, have no successor, and the brave Kitties say as one man, "Tis well."

Mrs. Frank Webb is visiting her father, Mr. Warring Kennedy, in Madison avenue.

Mrs. Riddell and her sister, Mrs. James, spent a few days at Clifton Springs last week.

The quartette of musicians at Massey Hall last week did not command such an audience as they had reason to expect, but quite a number of well known persons were present. Mr. and Mrs. Morrow, whose interest in all things musical makes so much for culture in our city, had a party of eight for dinner and the concert. Miss Benson, Miss Gzowski, Miss Yarker, Messrs. T. C. Patteson, a recent arrival

duplicating the name of the genial Parkdalian, Gordon Jones and Howard were of the party, and I further noticed Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore of Cloyne, and their second son, Mr. Willie Beardmore, who is a violin enthusiast and student; Mr. Darling, Mrs. Cattnach, Mr. Nordheimer, Misses Nordheimer and Cattnach, Mrs. Harry Totten and Miss Robertson, Lady Meredith and Miss Meredith.

Mr. Charlie Wark has been for some weeks at Danville for his health. Mr. Dinelli left for Orange, New Jersey, this week.

Mrs. Willie Hope and her small son have been on a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis, who are grandparents very proud of their little grandson. Mrs. Jarvis is to visit Mrs. Hope in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson and their family removed to their Island residence Tuesday.

Last Saturday's meet was in Rosedale, and quite a number of persons gathered in Binscarth road opposite the residence of Captain Forsythe Grant about three o'clock. Captain Forester took the Master's place, and a rather exciting run was enjoyed, including several fordings of the Don River. The golfers were to the fore as bright specks of scarlet in the growing green of spring; and the huntsman's pink lent its touch of vivid color to the pretty scene. Mrs. Forsythe Grant had a group of friends on the balcony to watch the start, and Mrs. McDougall and Mrs. Lally McCarthy rode through to the finish.

On Thursday afternoon society passed an "unwonted hour" downtown, three affairs of interest being *en train*. Miss Mowat received for the last time this season, and many dropped in for a cup of tea and a shake of the hand from the bright and cheery Lieut.-Governor and his gentle daughter. Senior, the ambassador from Washington, held a *levee* at the Queen's from half-past three to half-past five, and the new departure instituted by that up-to-date caterer, Mr. Ernest McConkey, was inaugurated with much *éclat* by an "open house" five-o'clocker in the popular lunch-room upstairs in the restaurant. Small and unobtrusive cards had invited mesdames and their escorts and friends to taste and see how cosy the tea-room would be when, tired with shopping, matinee or cycle tour, they would find every day the choicest brews of the cup that cheers all the long summer through, and on the departure of the guests each was given a nice little *menu* card setting out the moderate price and variety with which one might "tea" oneself and one's friends. The adventure of Mr. McConkey's does really fill a "long felt want," and will doubtless be a very much appreciated boon in Toronto. The mandolin orchestra played very nicely and the room was prettily arranged. The attendance, needless to say, was immense.

Toronto of Old, the series of lantern slides presented by the Camera Club and explained by Dr. E. E. King to a very nice audience on Monday evening, proved of much interest to many old-timers and others who have been entrusted with family traditions from way-back. We were shown pictures of such dear old hospitable homes as Sleepy Hollow and Colonel Givins' old home in the West End, and the gruesome scene of Lount and Matthews' execution, and various shops and hosteleries which were a trifle mixed up with the Elite Directory, (but this is a new country!), and the pretty old palace of sensible John Strachan, first Bishop of Toronto, and plenty of other quaint and interesting sites and buildings. There was a clasp for Sleepy Hollow, and one for good Minister Baldwin, and many another for the old City Hall and Dr. King's fun about the new one. Some very nice music was also contributed, and the presentation slides vastly enjoyed. Quite a number of well known persons who are also camera fiends, were present.

The engagement of Miss Jessie Duff of Kingston to Mr. Noble of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, is announced. Miss Duff is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. Duff, police magistrate, and niece of Sir Oliver Mowat, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

Miss Nellie Coldham is reported much better this week.

Miss Arksey receives at 501 Church street on the first Monday of each month.

Under the management of Prof. J. F. Davis a *soirée dansante* and musical *melange* was held at his dancing academy, Wilton avenue, last Friday night, in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children. The programme consisted of social and fancy dancing, marches, songs and instrumental solos and duets, executed principally by juvenile and adult pupils of the Professor. The little folks were especially noticeable for the agility and grace displayed. They certainly reflected great credit upon their teacher. Ten dollars was realized for the Hospital, which Prof. Davis has handed to the proper official.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten are now at the Queen's Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. George White-Fraser and Mrs. Montague White-Fraser are at Frewen House, Queen's Park.

Miss Besie Bonsall sang to a very well pleased audience in Ottawa last week, taking the contralto solos in Elijah.

Mr. Ford Robertson returned home from Mexico last week. Mrs. and Miss Robertson will remain in New York for a fortnight, and will spend the summer on the Island at their home, The Oasis.

A delightful picture was the first one shown by Dr. King on Monday evening. Two figures were seen seated one behind the other. The foremost was a lady, with one of those frightful matinee hats, completely cutting off the view of the second figure, a poor young man who peered in an agonized manner between the feathers,

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bows and chickens which roosted plentifully all over the lady's *chapeau*. A moment's pause, then the audience caught on, and before the applause had died away a second picture was thrown on the screen. The lady's hat and head were in her lap, and the young man sat blissfully back with folded arms.

Mrs. Charles Geddes of Montreal, sister-in-law of the late Mr. Gamble Geddes, is in town and expects to remain for some months, accompanied by her daughter. She is *en pension* at 301 Church street.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson of Rusholme road have gone to Ottawa, where Mr. Stevenson is now manager of the branch of Molson's Bank.

Mrs. Edwin Thomas and her family went south some weeks ago to Memphis, Mrs. Thomas' old home, during the convalescence of her little son. They returned home to 34 Madison avenue last week.

Dorothy is a favorite opera and has amused a good many society folks this week. On Tuesday evening the audience was quite smart and the house very full. Lady Meredith and Miss Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ross, Mr. Hugo Ross, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. S. G. Beatty and her guest, Miss Corby of Belleville, Miss Jessie Rowand, Miss Ethel Williams of Goderich, Major Young, who, by the way, has not yet left for Klondike but goes to-morrow; Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Bongard, Mr. and Mrs. Muir, and quite a number besides were there.

Mrs. Matthews of Wychwood Park is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Goodman, and Mr. Goodman, and also Mr. and Mrs. Byron Hostetter of Chicago. Mrs. Hostetter is a remarkably handsome young matron, a brunette of Spanish extraction.

Mrs. A. Alton Wright of Stayner is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Mason of Hurr Hall, Parkdale.

Mrs. Victor Armstrong and Miss Norman are visiting Dean Norman, Mrs. Armstrong's uncle, in Quebec.

Mr. and Mrs. Barker removed this week from their Beverley street home to 38 Cecil street, which residence Mr. Barker recently purchased.

"Heavens!" shrieked the heroine: "I am undone!" "Come away, Si!" audibly remarked the old lady in the audience, as she arose; "I ain't a goin' ter watch any disrobin' acts!"—*Puck*.

"And you say the hero wears the most striking costume in the whole piece?" "Yes." "That's queer. What is it?" "Tights and boxing-gloves."—*Detroit News*.

"He proposed to me on a postal card." "Did you accept him?" "Of course not. Do you suppose I would marry a man who doesn't care two cents for me?"—*Art in Dress*.

"Mamma, you don't know why Easter Sunday is like the letter L," said Freddy Fangle. "No, I don't, Freddy. Why is it?" "Because it is the end of Lent."—*Judge*.

"His success in a financial way has been

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something marvelous." "Yes!" "Yes, sir. I've often heard him tell how, when he came here fifteen years ago, all he owed in the world was a dollar and a quarter, and last week he failed for a million."—*Detroit Journal*.

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H. OORBY Sole Agent for Canada Belleville, Ont.



# HANGMAN'S CROSS

BY S. BARING-GOULD,

Author of "Mehalah," "Cheap Jack Zita," "The Broom-Squire," "The Penny-comesquicks," "At the Roar of the Sea," etc.

## CHAPTER I.

HERE had been for some five years a very promising tin mine at work at Red Roche; many men had been employed, a great mess had been made of the land, and a lovely ravine through which the river burst from its moorland cradle had been nearly blocked by the rubbish heaps thrown out. Not only so, but the crystalline stream had been polluted.

But the world must advance. Men must work, that occupation should be found for hands in England, so as not to force men to emigrate; that is what we all desire, and if a pretty piece of landscape suffers it cannot be helped. A century hence Nature will have healed all scars and drawn a veil of verdure over the most hideous heaps of debris.

Now Red Roche was so full of promise under an intelligent Cornish captain, a man who had worked underground since he was a boy, that every miner employed was confident that there was work there to engage him for years to come, and what was more, that this mine would bring in a large percentage to investors in it. It did pay, and paid a dividend. What more was wanted?

But some people are not satisfied to let well alone; those who had money in Red Roche wanted to have something better than five per cent. on their outlay, they wanted ten, fifteen, twenty per cent.; and to obtain this they resolved that they must bring to bear on Red Roche the intelligence of a captain who had not made himself, but had been made of a man not experienced in the hard school of life, but one shaped and stuffed by a Mining School. In a word, the company thought that science should be brought to bear on Red Roche instead of rough intelligence. Accordingly Cornish Zackie got his dismissal, and the management of the tin mine was entrusted to Mr. Simon Tuball, who had got his certificate from the College of Science and was very self-confident, and knew all about modern systems, and despised everything that was not up-to-date.

The first thing done by Captain Tuball was to condemn the pumping apparatus. Thereupon a new pump and wheel, on an entirely new principle, had to be fitted. The second thing done by Captain Tuball was to condemn the system of working in the adits, and to propose the introduction of machinery that would do fifty times the work of men at less expense. Accordingly the new steam engine, with its straps and benders and picks, was ordered and set up. The third thing done by Captain Tuball was to reject as barbarous the crushing apparatus and the puddles. All that also had to be made on a new system.

Now the result of this enormous outlay was that there was not only no dividend at the end of the year, but there was a heavy call on the shareholders. However, they made no demur; there must be an initial outlay to ensure the enormous profits that would come to them as the result. The captain, it was shrewdly believed, received a nice little sum from the manufacturers for recommending their machinery and obtaining orders for it; so that, although the new plant cost the shareholders a large sum, it brought in nice lump sums to Captain Tuball.

Now came the captain's fourth achievement. By scientific method he convinced himself and his shareholders that Captain Zackie had done quite wrong in working in the direction in which he had found ore, and that the only right, because scientific, way to go to work was to leave the lode that had promised and did fulfil its promise, and to go in another direction as dictated by science and opposed to common sense. The miners grumbled, the foremen protested, but where was the good? Captain Tuball was master of the situation, and had been better taught than they—at college.

The result of this fourth movement of the captain was that there was no dividend the second year; the company fell into bankruptcy, water broke into the mine, drowned the adits, covered up the promising lode and overwhelmed all the new works, which neither promised nor yielded anything.

Then Captain Tuball departed, with all his certificates, to some other confiding company, and all the miners who had been engaged at Red Roche for seven years, five of prosperity and two of adversity, had to depart and look elsewhere for occupation.

Now, among these men was one named Moses Fewins—a young fellow, frugal, temperate, hard-working, who lodged for all the seven years with a widow, at very moderate cost, and had managed to save up a nice little sum of money.

The widow in whose house Fewins had lodged had a daughter Margaret, and in company with the two young people had been drawn together, yet had never quite reached the stage of walking out in company, and not a word had been spoken as to an engagement. Moses liked and respected Margaret, and she thought that there could not be a miner of his age who was comparable with him for sobriety, steadiness and general integrity. Their liking for each other was based on the surest foundation of mutual esteem.

As Moses said to himself, there never was a girl who was cleaner, more active, more obliging and sensible. If he had not spoken, the reason was that for the last two years Red Roche had been going on

in so unsatisfactory a manner that the miners engaged on it had been anticipating a catastrophe, and Moses would not ask a girl to be his till he had some work that was likely to last. And now the mine was shut down; and Moses was not the man to link a girl to him when he might have to go away to America or the Strait Settlements to find work, without a prospect of return to England for many years.

Full of trouble in mind what to do and where to go, Moses Fewins sat on a timber baulk, near the abandoned mine, nursing his head. Then up to him came Philip Hart, a shrewd miner also out of work, a fellow with a cunning twinkle in his eye, and one who avoided looking any man straight in the face.

"Why, Moses, poorly?"

"No, Philip; only worrying where to be off to."

"So you are going off?"

"Yes; there's nothing to be done here."

"I'm going also for a bit. But my wife and child be here, so I can't go far, nor be away long."

"I have no ties," said Moses. "That is to say—but I think if I could find work I'd come back here."

"You've been a frugal and saving man, and if you like may be a gentleman for a while."

"I don't deny," said Fewins, "that I've earned a little money, and that's just one of my troubles; I don't see clear what I'm to do with it."

"Do with your money! Enjoy it while you may."

"That's not my way," said the young man. "I want to hoard it; I don't know how long before I find work, and I must provide against—well, some day I may marry."

"That's about it," said Hart with a laugh. "And whom you'll marry ain't a secret to me."

Moses said nothing to this. Hart took a seat on the baulk beside him, and after a pause observed:

"I'm in the same predicament. I have a matter of a few pounds, and I must go somewhere. I won't take it with me, lest I spend it; and what to do with it in the meantime I don't know."

"I suppose there's the bank one might put it into."

"Oh, get along with your banks. They are always breaking."

"Many do. My father had saved over a hundred pounds, and that was with Messrs. Ground and Grit. But they failed, and he was forced to put up with a penny in the pound, about eight and eightpence; and then the lawyers came down on him for looking after his interests, and took all that and some pounds besides."

"Have nothing to do with banks," said Philip.

"I don't think I shall. I've heard something about consols. What sort of gentlemen be they?"

"Well, there I can answer you," said Hart. "I was once over to Spain, at a place called Cadiz, and there I got into a bit of trouble, and had to get one of these Consols, or Consols, to interfere. Them Consols be gentlemen kept by the Government in seaport towns to mind the sailors when they get into rows; and we're expected to pay 'em with our hard-earned gains. That's what is meant by putting into the consols. You may put money into them, but you won't get it out again. That Consol at Cadiz did no good; he only talked, and I got clear by cutting away—that's how I got off."

"Then," said Moses, "I won't have nothing to do with Consols."

"There you're right," said Philip Hart. Then after another pause he said, "Now, look here, I've the greatest confidence in you, Moses, and I'm going to put away my little savings where I know they will be safe; but in the chance of anything happening to me while I'm away I should like you to know all about it, so that you might be able to hand the money over to my poor wife and children. I'm going to hide it."

"Hide it?"

"Yes, hide it—where none can find, because none will look. But in the chance of my never coming back, I do want someone to know about it, someone straight as a whistle, that he may act towards my money as he would wish to have acted by his. If I die, Moses," Philip wiped his nose—"you'll deal justly by me, and give it all to the widow and the orphans."

"Of course I will, Philip."

"You see," said Hart, "if I took the savings I have laid by along with me, and anything happened, there'd be nothing for the poor dear widow and orphans. Suppose anything happened to you, Moses, about your little leaving?"

"Oh, they ain't such little leavings, I can assure you," said Fewins with some pride. "I might make a will."

"Get along with a will," said Hart. "There'd be fifty pounds for proving it, and fifty pounds for the lawyers as well. My brother died worth thirty pounds, and he made a will. I know it cost me seventy to prove that, and I was out of pocket by the transaction."

"I'll tell you what—I'll hide it," said Moses.

"There you act wisely. But suppose you die when absent. Do you want it to go to anyone?"

"Well," said Fewins, hesitatingly, "yes; I'd like to leave it to Margaret Westaway."

"Now," said Philip, "we're both in the same box. Let us make common cause, and hide our savings in one and the same

place. Then if aught had chances to me you'll take my board out of its hiding-place and give it to the poor widow and orphans, and if anything had chances to you, then I'll give yours to Margaret Westaway."

"Yes," said Moses, after a long consideration, "I agree to that. Now, where is the place?"

"Then I'll show you to-night. We must hide the money to-night."

"I should like to know where."

"At Hangman's Cross."

## CHAPTER II.

Hangman's Cross was an old dilapidated monument, that may have marked a way, or was an indication of a manor. It stood near a well or spring, and this led some to believe that the cross had been erected over a fountain that had marvelous properties, or was supposed to have such. At the present day it possessed no remarkable qualities. The water oozed away in a mire, only a few cattle drank of it, and more befouled it with their feet. The cross was of granite and stood on a pedestal of three stages. One of the arms had been knocked off.

Why it was called Hangman's Cross no one knew. There was no legend connected with the cross in which a hangman played a part. But the place was regarded with superstitious fear. It was said that a fiery serpent lay coiled up in the center of the pedestal, and that if disturbed it crept forth and drank water at the well; thereby it poisoned the water, and as the overflow ran away through mire and leaked down into the main stream, it poisoned that stream, and brought plague and murrain on all cattle who drank of it. Whenever a disorder broke out among the sheep, or even among the people of the place, it was always held that this was due to the drinking of the water vitiated by the fiery serpent of Hangman's Cross.

As to the destruction of the cross, no one thought of it; that would be to let loose the serpent. Indeed, so much afraid were the people of it that they avoided the cross at night, and never ventured to meddle with it by day.

That the disorders which occasionally ravaged the village and the flocks and herds were due to the fouling of the spring by the cattle themselves, that never occurred to any; and the villagers accordingly took no precaution against such a contingency.

The evening was dark which ensued on the conversation recorded between Moses Fewins and Philip Hart. The former was a little startled when Hart suggested Hangman's Cross as a suitable place for concealing the money, but on consideration he assured himself that no spot could be safer, walled around with the fears of the villagers, and as to the burning fiery serpent—he did not believe in it. That was an old wives' tale, unworthy of entertainment by any sensible man who had received a board school education.

Accordingly Fewins started from the widow's house with a bag in his pocket that contained five-and-twenty pounds. At a corner, according to arrangement, he met Philip Hart.

"Brought your money?" asked Philip.

"How much?"

"Five-and-twenty sovereigns."

"Any silver?"

"None—all in gold."

"That is well; it will occupy less space. Here is my leather purse, stuffed as well; but I have more money to stow away than you—wish I had ten times the sum."

The two men walked on, side by side, without saying much. Presently Moses asked:

"Anything ailing you, mate?"

"I'm crying. I can't help it. The poor widow and children. Poor things! Poor things," said Philip Hart.

"But bless me, you are not dead."

"No, but you see, this is something like being present at one's own funeral. There is the savings of fifteen years—here a little, there a little, spared—and now I am committing it to the earth, and don't know if I shall ever see it again."

"Hope for the best. I've already heard of something."

"What's that?"

"Well, there are granite works at St. Brevard. I'd rather do proper mining than quarrying; but if the mining is dead or dying, then I must not be nice, and take up what I can."

"It's lowering for a miner to turn quarryman," said Philip. "I'd go abroad. I have heard of poor miners, poor when they went out, returning rich as dukes."

"I do not care to be rich as a duke, only well enough to have a house—"

"And wife of my own, eh?"

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Moses did not answer.

The two men had now come out upon the moor where stood Hangman's Cross.

"Keep to the right," said Philip, "or you'll get half-way up your calves in the bog."

There was a small crescent moon, very silvery and very slight, affording just sufficient light to enable the two men to see their way, and to distinguish the disfigured cross that rose before them.

"How much have you got to put away?" asked Moses.

"Weigh it," answered Philip, and passed the bag to his comrade.

"It is heavy."

"Aye—a hundred pounds."

"I shouldn't have supposed you could have saved so much. You were rather a drinking man."

"Ah, appearances were against me!" said Philip.

"And you are not afraid of leaving a hundred pounds here?"

"Not I. But I should be afraid were it a bank."

Hart removed a short crowbar from his eyes glared.

"No, you won't," said Moses, and set his foot on the bar. "You may keep your hands to yourself. I won't give you the chance of being swung for me, and so letting your poor widow and children suffer without even a decent suit of mourning out of your leaden savings."

[THE END.]

Weak Young Men and Women

Are seen everywhere. Heredity or over-study renders them unfitted to cope with the responsibilities of life, susceptible to consumption or decline. Medicine has failed and must fail, for they need food. Take cod liver oil! No! Their poor stomachs rebel. Take emulsions! No! They are equally distasteful. Nothing will effect a cure but Maltine with Cod Liver Oil. The oil, rendered palatable and easy of digestion, is quickly assimilated, and the maltine, equal in nutrition to the oil, and even surpassing it in energetic action upon the digestive processes, unite in producing increased weight, improved color, and that elasticity and buoyancy which herald returning health. Maltine with cod liver oil has a remedial value ten times greater than emulsions. Try it.

Foreign English.

Some interesting specimens of foreigners' English have recently come to light. A Belgian man of science, for instance, writes to a Chicago journalist:

"I shall get in your city in Februar. And I think the next time I am in Chicago I shall fix myself."

A Danish girl who is making excellent progress in the language—for the Danes always learn English quickly—told her mistress how she had slipped and fallen on the sidewalk, and added: "It shames me very hard to think I did fall down just as long as I am!"

A New York paper says that a musician in Germany wrote to a friend recently to acknowledge the gift of some music:

"Lena has learned to gamble the piece; we listen to bethink us of you."

What is Wemalta?

Wemalta is an infants' food, carefully and scientifically prepared, easy of digestion, and gives the best results in the feeding of infants. A post card, with your name and address, to Weir Specialty Co., 99 Bay Street, Toronto, will bring free sample.

Dear! Dear! Dear!

"Here, take my little purse, and put it along of yours and shut up the whole concern. I don't half like the lantern, it might betray us."

"We've done with the light," answered Hart. He was about to extinguish the flame when something occurred to Moses.

"Stay," said he, snatching the lantern away. "Fair all around, says I. I opened my purse and showed you my gold; you show me what is in your bag."

"I can't; you saw it was sealed."

"But my purse was not sealed."

"So much the worse for you. I ain't answerable for your folly."

"Fair all around," said Moses. "Why is you to put in a sealed bag, and me one as is not? I insist on it—break the seal."

"I won't do it."

"You shall, or I shall withdraw my purse."

Philip Hart stood considering. Presently he said churlishly, "If it's only a matter of sealing I'll wait here, and you run home and get some wax and seal your purse up like mine."

"I ain't got no wax, and if I had I ain't got no seal."

"Oh, the end o' your thumb will do for that."

"I do not care for you to remain here with the lantern so as to let folks see what we're about."

"I'll blow the light out."

"No; there is a better way than that. You break the seal on your bag. That goes towards squaring us."

"If that is all, well. I'd do it to oblige you. But it ain't fair after I've took all them precautions."

"What security is there in a seal? If thieves came here and broke the monument, would they not also break the seal?"

"Well," said Philip sullenly, "if it's only a matter o' breaking the seal, I'll do that."

He knelt down, thrust his hands into the cavity and destroyed the seal.

"That won't do," said Moses. "Let me see that the seal is broken."

"There, then, you are," retorted Philip, drawing forth the little sack.

"Let me touch it."

"Oh, touch it if you will."

Moses took it up and weighed it. The bag was heavy. It contained metal. He shook it.

"It don't jingle like sovereigns," said he. "No, 'cos I wrapped 'em up in paper," replied Hart, thrusting forth his arm to receive the sack.

"Stay a while," said Moses. "All fair. I counted all my money, and you count out yours. Then each knows what he is responsible for to the other. It would not do for you to die and me to come here to find a mine o' gold on which to support your widow and children and find only—only," he had slit the bag, and out poured only pieces of lead. "Ah, Philip, only lead."

Philip stood motionless.

"After all," said Moses, "I've changed

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my mind again. I've thought of a still better bank. I've had a letter to-day from the China Clay works at Penhill, and they'll take me on there at a good wage. So I'll just ask Margaret Westaway to be my banker and wife all at once. Thank you kindly for all the trouble you've taken, Philip."

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## Let Us Talk of War.

"THIS war will have one good effect," said the commercial traveler to his chance acquaintance in the smoking-car. "It will bring the Yankee and the Britisher closer together."

"It's the best thing that ever happened," agreed the other.

"This is the first time that the United States has had a war with any European power other than Great Britain," continued the drummer, "and it will start the rancors and boasters along a new line of tail-twisting. In short, as I see it, it means that it will involve the United States with the world, tangle the Yankees up in the world's affairs, and Canada and Great Britain won't get all their attention. I'm not sure," said the commercial traveler, "but I think that England and the States will find out during this row how much they have in common and how strong they are together."

"Why," cried the passenger, "they could beat the world—the British navy and the Yankee land forces and their united wealth would be unbeatable. Did you see in the papers how one hundred and fifty Yankee and British tars whipped three times as many Russian tars at Hong Kong or somewhere in China? They can do it every day in the week."

"Well, you must take a yarn like that with a grain of salt," said the drummer.

"Don't you believe it?"

"Perhaps it's true. But the fact that you see it in print doesn't make it any more likely to be true than if you had dreamt it. Russians can fight, mind you."

"They can fight, of course," said the passenger warmly, "but I tell you I believe every word of that story. The Anglo-Saxons are the best fighting stock in the world, and the best for every purpose. It was only a question of time until the two English-speaking nations got together for mutual support—it had to come, for it was part of the sense of things. They have been kept apart and glowering at each other for a hundred years—but that was hard luck and nothing else, and a bad business for both nations."

"Well, they are the greatest rivals in the world in trade," said the drummer, "drummers always want to know what people are thinking about and draw them out at every chance."

"Of course they are. But what does that mean?" asked the passenger. "It means that they are the two most progressive nations, and it means, too, that they are equally interested in preserving peace in the world, or, if there must be war, are equally interested in having it end in freer commerce. If Cuba is to be pacified and made productive again, won't that benefit England, because it will benefit the world's commerce? And are not the British Indies next door? If England, likewise, demands an open door in China, is not that to the good of the Yankees, who have no foothold in Asia? Any way you twist or turn the thing you find that the Yankee and the Britisher have come together almost in spite of themselves."

"I hope so," said the drummer. "I hope so. Do you know that in knocking all over the province I find that Canadians, as a rule, would like to see the Yankees get a few hard knocks at the start—just for medicinal purposes, you know—but win in the end, of course. The Yankee papers offend Canadians with their bombastic guff. The Canuck is just as conceited as the Britisher or the Yankee, but he is half-way between John Bull and Cousin Jonathan in the matter of boasting. He would like to see the Yankees get a few punches."

"Well, sir," cried the passenger, "I have found the same sentiment among my friends, and wondered if it was widespread."

telegraphed for after the two generals had joined Sir Julian. We are now told that Mr. White, of the United States Embassy in London, has arrived in Washington carrying important proposals for (at the very least) an arbitration treaty or a defensive alliance between the two great English-speaking nations. The century seems to be closing in almost as spirited a way as did the last one.

The century promises to close leaving Spain without a single possession in the western hemisphere. When the century opened Spain held Mexico, Central America, Venezuela, New Granada (United States of Colombia), Peru, Ecuador, Chile, Cuba and other states, islands and ports. When, in the first quarter of the century, these possessions threw off the Spanish yoke, Cuba refused to revolt and was named The Ever-Faithful Isle, but Spain had so misunderstood her lesson that the Cubans revolted in 1829, again in 1848-51, again in 1855, again in 1895—a fight that lasted until 1878 and ended in promises of reform that were never carried out. Then began the rebellion of 1895, which has ended in—this.

In the United States Civil War torpedo boats were used for the first time, and not only succeeded in destroying the boats against which they operated, but also themselves. The ironclad was also, I think, used for the first time in the Civil War. In this war with Spain the United States will for the first time use the submarine boat.

Henri Rochefort, editor of the Paris *Intransigent*, has come out with an excited article under the heading, "All Europe Against Us," in which he charges that if the slightest attempt is made on the part of France, or Russia, or any other power to put out a fleet to lend moral support to Spain, Great Britain will jump in with her ships as the ally of the United States, and an alliance will be immediately signed between the English-speaking powers, offensive and defensive, against Russia and France. He says that England will also ask admission to the Triple Alliance, and be eagerly welcomed, too, for Emperor William is finally determined to get on good terms with the British. Rochefort accuses M. Honnataux of seeking social distinction by showing sympathy for Spain. It will end, he says, in the whole of Europe, supported by the United States, penning Russia up where she now is and crushing France into a place of loneliness without a useful ally. But Henri Rochefort is considered an "original" person.

Says the *London Globe*: The development of the United States into a great maritime power—a quite possible result of the war—would give the death blow to all hopes of Latin hegemony in the government of the world.

The New York *Medical Record* states that the health commissioners have organized to guard against yellow fever and smallpox as possible evils that may result from the invasion of Cuba. The names and addresses of all physicians who have ever served on the health board have been called for to form an auxiliary reserve corps against yellow fever. It is satisfactory to know that precautions, on a large scale, are being taken.

Dr. Sanarelli is in Brazil instructing physicians in the use of his yellow fever anti-toxin. He declares that it is efficacious when used in the first stages of the fever. Experiments are also being made in New York, but a Toronto doctor states that sufficient progress has not yet been made to enable science to insure the United States army against yellow fever.



### THE FOUNDATION OF HEALTH.

Without health life is not worth the living. Health is so easy to lose, and so hard to regain, that its preservation should be the first consideration of all. Neglect of the many disorders of the system often leads to the loss of health. They who lose health lose their usefulness in this world of work.

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Against this enemy the soldiers must go forward without shield or arms.

Troops have been sent to the Mexican frontier by the United States, although Mexico has declared for neutrality in the strongest terms. There is a general feeling that Mexico and Chile need watching, for they have much ill-will for the United States. Spaniards in Chile are raising \$1,000,000 to buy a warship for Spain to prey on commerce on the Pacific. On the other hand it may be said that the republican press of Mexico shows no sympathy for Spain. One of these papers in a cartoon represents the "American Eagle" hatching from eggs two new republics—Cuba and Spain.

Much has been said in the despatches about "letters of marque" and "privateering." The average person regards privateering as piracy. The idea is not entirely mistaken. When letters of marque are issued to a free-lance who has a ship of his own, it entitles him to prey upon the commerce of the enemy and keep all that he can capture. He acts independently of the navy while enjoying its protection, and every vessel captured by him must be brought in, examined, and a decision made by a board of prize judges as to whether the vessel seized is a legitimate prize. If a vessel has been wrongfully seized, the privateer must pay damages. Privateering proved so destructive to commerce that all the leading nations (excepting only Spain and the United States, curiously enough), agreed some years ago to abolish it entirely. There is great danger of complications now in the privateering that Spain and the United States may indulge in. The Buena Ventura, captured by the cruiser New York, although a Spanish bottom, carried a cargo of lumber owned by a British firm. In this way other nations may be drawn into the present war.

### Languages of Music.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A French missionary played airs by Rossini to a Chinese mandarin, who, though a man of intelligence and cultivation, according to Oriental standards, shook his head disapprovingly. When pressed to give a reason for the depreciating gesture, he said:

"It is sadly devoid of meaning and expression, while Chinese music penetrates the soul."

We smile at the absurdity, because to our ears Chinese music is the linking together of harsh and unmelodious sounds, the mingling of crash and caterwauling.

Prof. Arlo Bates uses this incident, in his *Talks on the Study of Literature*, to illustrate the fact that there is a conventional language in sound as there is in words. Barbaric folk use a language of music which penetrates their souls, but which causes the nerves of civilized people to tingle. Our music seems as absurd to them as theirs to us. Neither understands the musical language of the other.

The Japanese complain that our division of music into regular bars has the effect of making it "chip-chop, chip-chop, chip-chop."

There is no universal language in words or in art. The Greeks who built the Parthenon or wrought the Venus of Melos could not have discerned beauty or reverence in the uncouth figures of Aztec deities. An Aztec who was moved by twisted deities clutching one another by their plumes would perhaps have stood without emotion before a Greek temple or a Greek statue.

### An Awkward Moment.

San Francisco Wave.

Mrs. Leiter, who is known as the modern Mrs. Malaprop, is the subject of innumerable stories. At a recent dinner in Chicago, during a lull, Mrs. Chatfield Taylor said: "Have any of you heard the latest about Mrs. Leiter?" There was a terrible moment of silence broken by Mr. Chatfield Taylor, who said very distinctly: "Then you had better tell it to Mr. Joseph Leiter, my dear. He is sitting on your side of the table." Mrs. Chatfield Taylor took the only way out of the dilemma. Her eyes sparkled and she said: "All right, I will tell him!" And she did. Then Mr. Joseph Leiter laughed heartily and said: "Well,

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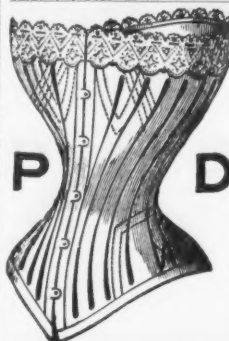
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that's just like the old lady!" But whether the story that Mrs. Chatfield Taylor told to Mr. Joseph Leiter was the one that she had intended to tell for the general joy of the whole table this deponent saith not.

### How Dr. Chase Saved a Boy.

When Rheumatism and Diabetes Were Carrying Him Swiftly to the Grave.

It's getting to be an old story these wonderful cures by Dr. Chase, yet when loving mothers have their darling boys given back to them in the full enjoyment of health and vigor, their praise of Dr. Chase and his remedies knows no bounds. In the village of Chesley lives Mrs. Mills, and to day her cup of happiness is overflowing. Dr. Chase's K. L. Pills cured her boy when nothing else could, and here is what she says about it:

"My boy was all crippled up with rheumatism, and he also had a touch of diabetes. He was this way for a year, and the terrible pain was awful. He was doctoring right along. A sample of Dr. Chase's Pills came into my hands, and after reading the testimonials of others, we thought we would try them, and on telling the doctor, he recommended them. We got one box, and before they were half gone he began to improve, and now he is quite well, and I am very glad to tell."

Mrs. Newlywed—What's the matter, dear? You haven't touched my biscuits, haven't you an appetite? Mr. Newlywed—Darling, it would be unbecoming a patriotic citizen at this time to eat such valuable ammunition.—Judge.

### How it Strikes New Zealand.

New Zealand Herald.

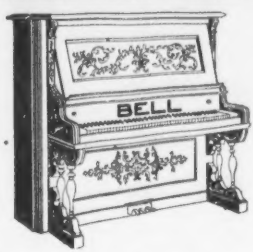
For all purposes of local or imperial defence, we are not contributing one-fifteenth part of the amount which would be our just share in defence if we gave of our revenue in equal proportion with the taxpayers of the United Kingdom. . . . As a matter of fact, the colonies are more wealthy and more capable, in proportion to their population and revenue, than England is, for doing their share in the common defence; and to shirk the duty of self-defence, and to shelter behind the ships that are paid for, almost exclusively, by the heavy-weighted taxpayers of the mother country, is an unmanly and a shameful evasion of duty.

Flo—Do you love me, sweet? Will—Dearly. Flo—Would you die for me? Will—No, my precious girl; mine is an undying love.—Philadelphia Call.

"Now, Bobbie," said the teacher in the natural history class, "what is a panther?" "A man that makth panth," lisped Bobbie.—Boston Traveler.

"How did Fakem, the hypnotist, get along on his last trip?" "First-rate, until he tried the impossible. He hypnotized a tramp one day, and tried to make him saw wood."—Brooklyn Life.

"That hospital," said the guide, "was built and endowed by a deaf mute." "Indeed!" said the loquacious lunatic; "then it is the first authentic case of being dumb-founded that I ever encountered."—New York Journal.



The bells are gladly ringing,  
How their music sweet doth chime  
Ever with the chorus ringing  
Bursting forth in every rhyme;  
Ever as we stop to wonder,  
Listening to the story old,  
Lessons learning as we ponder,  
Precious to us, like as gold.  
It's a true and simple story  
And its truth we all know well,  
New perfection in its glory,  
Only find we in "THE BELL."

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND S. SHEPPARD - Editor

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## The Drama.

DOROTHY, the opera put on at the Princess this week, is known to many theater-goers, who incidentally became acquainted with it when it acted as the frame for Lillian Russell some six years ago. While it contains good enough light music and a certain amount of plot, there is nothing about it that strikes me as unusually pretty, interesting or original. One of our contemporaries compared it to the tenuous old opera *Martha*. I hope I may be forgiven if I entirely fail to see it. There are exceedingly few catchy airs in Dorothy, and on the whole I think it is trashy. The most ingenious idea in the plot is the incident of the rings, which incident is older than the Merchant of Venice. Dorothy is hardly worth a revival to my mind, but other people may think differently.

The Cummings Opera Company is the best organization that ever sang light opera here at popular prices, and it is a large improvement over many that have sung at "unpopular" prices. People will patronize cheap comic opera and enjoy it if they get rid of the idea that in attending it they are performing an act of charity. But otherwise, the average man is apt to say that charity begins at home, and to stay there. The principals in Dorothy are all good in their respective lines—when they know them, which was not quite always the case—Frederic Solomon being as funny as we have a right to expect him to be. Mr. Wilke acts well and has a splendid voice, but he sang flat on Monday night; Mr. Blake's tenor showed to better advantage in *The Mandarin*. Miss Nettie Marshall, who was one of the principals in Mr. Ralph Cummings' comedy company, remains with the opera company. She still has that broad smile with her. I was half afraid at first that it might have gone to Detroit with the properties of the other company, but no, oh joy! it is to sing comic opera. Miss Marshall has not had a singing part as yet, so we don't know what she can do in that line, but she acts as vivaciously as ever, and that goes a long way before it's time to come back for tea.

The Yellow Kid of the yellow New York Journal has been the source of inspiration for the heavy tragedy entitled *McFadden's Row of Flats*, this week running to crowded houses at the Toronto. Like its predecessor, *Hogan's Alley*, it is a conglomeration of more or less amusing nonsense, interspersed with specialties more or less clever. The cast includes the four emperors of music, Speck brothers (two most remarkable midgets), the Imperial Brass Band in brass band choruses (what- ever they are), and Irish, Dutch, negro and Bowery comedians. There is much that is laughable in *McFadden's Row of Flats*, and the sparring bout between the two dwarfs is almost startlingly unique.

M. Dubout, the author of *Fredergonde*, a play produced last year at the Comédie Française, has finally won his case against M. Brunetiere, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Jules Lemaitre, dramatic critic of the *Revue*, sharply criticized M. Dubout's play. The author wrote a long letter on the subject to M. Brunetiere, who refused to insert it. M. Dubout then took action and was defeated, but appealed with success. M. Brunetiere has been condemned by the Chamber of Correctional Appeals to pay fifty francs damages, and to publish the full reply of M. Dubout to M. Lemaitre's criticism of his play. After the decision M. Dubout informed M. Brunetiere that there was no necessity to print the reply to the criticism, as he was fully satisfied at having gained his point in establishing the principle of the right of answer.

The latest novelist to join the ranks of the dramatists is John Oliver Hobbes. She has written a new sentimental comedy for Mr. George Alexander entitled *The Ambassador*. Mrs. Craigie has already provided Miss Ellen Terry with a charming part in a little one-act play, written in collaboration.

Mrs. Fiske has entered upon the third week of *Love Finds the Way*, and *A Bit of Old Chelsea*, and the fifth week of her second annual engagement at Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, and her success is so great that she will fill out the regular season at that house.

Miss Viola Allen would not play the heroine of Anthony Hope's *Phroso*, as, according to rumor, she is unwilling to appear in the costume of a Greek boy. This is an unusual reason for an actress to give, but Miss Allen is a woman of unusual strength of character.

Willis' Dramatic School is established at 114 Yonge street, under the principalship of Mr. Ernest Willis, an actor of long experience with many of the leading organizations of England, Australia and the

United States. His announcement will be found in another column.

It is announced that Julia Arthur's marriage will not cause her to abandon the stage. On the contrary, her brother, Mr. Arthur Lewis, is actively engaged in preparation for her next season, when she will appear in several Shakespearean plays.

Viola Allen will star next season in a dramatization of Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish*. Mary Hampton has also left Charles Frohman's management and will star with a company of her own.

James Doel, now ninety-four years of age, is believed to be the oldest living actor in England. He was a general utility man, and acted in minor parts with the elder Kean.

Rudyard Kipling's *The Light That Failed* has been done into a morbid sketch and acted by Courtenay Thorpe as a curtain-raiser in London.

Fabio Romani, a romantic melodrama now in its eighth successful year, will be next week's attraction at the Toronto Opera House.

Charles Coghlan in *The Royal Box*, of which we have heard so much, is billed for the Grand first three nights of next week.

Mr. Lorimer Stoddard is busy dramatizing *Vanity Fair* for Minnie Maddern Fiske, who will, of course, play Becky Sharp.

The Cummings Opera Company will sing Gilbert and Sullivan's masterpiece, *The Mikado*, at the Princess next week.

## Sporting Comment.

SEAGRAM'S slashing two-year-olds were introduced to the Woodbine course on Wednesday for the first time, and nothing but words of praise was heard of them. Two of them, Sugden and Galahad, are nearly sixteen hands high and might almost be taken for four-year-olds instead of youngsters which only a short time ago were running by the side of their dams. Curfew Bell may be easily picked out by any one who ever saw her great sire, Morpheus, for she gallops like him and has the same grand size and handsome color. Havoc is in the pink of condition and, although he carries heavy weight in the Suburban Handicap, is thought to have a fair chance. He was third last year, with light weight up, to Ben Brush and The Winner. Sardonyx, the Queen's Plater, by Saragossa, that is being much talked of, seems to have his sire's gameness, but so far has not developed any phenomenal speed. Charles Boyle, Jr., has two Platers, Dumfries and Toronto. Dumfries is by Uncas and must be a grand colt, or else Toronto is a very bad one, for the chestnut has not been able to reach him in any of the trials. On Tuesday Dumfries ran a capital trial at six furlongs, going the last quarter of the journey in 25 seconds. Mr. D. T. Murray, the well known turf correspondent, now in the South, writes that fully one hundred and fifty horses will be sent here and others are coming from the east and west. The Woodbine track is in first-class condition and all the stables are in readiness for the horses that are to come. Edward Corrigan will ship seven thoroughbreds here in about a week, among them Geyser, a good winner last year. Mr. Seagram has decided to exhibit Morpheus at the Horse Show.

The cricket clubs of Vancouver are jubilant over the many new players from Ontario and England now settled in that city. Some strong elevens will be found on the Coast this summer. The Vancouver Cricket Club gave a ball last week at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Sweeney, and there was a large turnout of the leading people, not only of Vancouver, but from Westminster. The club has large tennis courts.

On Monday evening the Clinton Cricket Club will give a farewell supper to Mr. F. W. Terry on the eve of his departure for McGill College, Montreal. The Clinton Club has elected these officers: Hon. president, Mr. George D. McTaggart; hon. vice-president, Mr. Richard Ransford; president, Mr. T. Jackson, Jr.; vice-president, Mr. Lack Kennedy; secretary-treasurer, Mr. F. R. Hodgins. I am requested to state that the secretary will be pleased to hear from Toronto and other clubs in regard to matches. The Forest cricketers are also looking for games, and promise a hearty welcome to any touring eleven that may visit them. The Owen Sound, Brantford, Peterboro, and in fact all the old line clubs are reorganized. Berlin, Guelph and Galt have clubs, and it will be unfortunate if Woodstock and Stratford cannot have clubs this year, as, I think, Toronto cricketers and out-of-town players would be glad to include those towns in their tours or in the home-and-home series of club matches.

Last Saturday night the Toronto Canoe Club entertained their members and lady friends at a very enjoyable affair. The programme opened with an exhibition of stereoscopic views entitled *Camp Life by Lime Light*. These were under the able direction of Mr. John Miller, a member of the club, who gave a running account of his various adventures in his canoe, "Mr. Micawber." The slides were very fine and were greatly enjoyed by the audience, as was also the description. A brief musical programme followed, in which Miss Kleiser, Mr. Wenborne, Miss Lena Hayes, Mr. Owen Smiley and Miss Bessie Bonsor took part. It is hardly necessary to say that each number on this short programme was a gem, as the names vouch for this fact. This was Miss Bessie Bonsor's last appearance before leaving for England, and the Toronto Canoe Club feel highly flattered at being so favored. An informal dance followed, which was kept up just long enough to allow those present to get home before Sunday. Taking it all round, the evening was one of the most successful affairs

ever given by the Toronto Canoe Club, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the very large number present.

There seems to be a tendency to larger gears than ever on bicycles this year, both for the ordinary slow-going citizen and the racing man. Low frames have come in again and saddles are ridden lower this year than heretofore. A very comfortable position is possible on the '08 wheel with a reach not too long, and handles that curve up and allow the hands to rest on them easily and naturally. The racing position will probably be well forward, so as to get the work on the big gears well underneath. Handles will not be dropped as much as before; in fact, Michael seems to be the model to which sprinters and racing men generally have, to an extent, conformed. It is funny to see how the styles in bicycles keep alternating between high and low frames. This year they are low; last year and the year before one rode as high a frame as one could well straddle. The year before that low frames were in vogue, and so on back to the historic "ice wagon." The drop bracket is the chief feature of the improvements in the style of frame of the last couple of seasons, and now this promises to become exaggerated. I hear some wheels will be made this year with a four or even five inch drop and thirty inch wheels to make up.

## The Landlord.

Why Will he not Paper the Drawing-Room and Paint the House-Front?

THE landlord is an interesting study in all countries. In Toronto he owns little land but one or more houses, and in the month of April his tenants get even with him for all that they suffer through being dependent upon him. The landlord is a most unreasonable person. If he has an empty house to dispose of he will spend no end of money in fixing it up, but if it is occupied by tenants who will probably remain in it, he can seldom be induced to make even the most necessary repairs. The tenant may coax until he is tired, but the landlord puts him off; and if, finally, the tenant becomes angry and declares that unless the hall is papered anew and the front repainted he will move out, the landlord gets on his dignity and sends a man to hang a card in the window inviting people to call and inspect the house with a view to renting it. Then the tenant must yield or move. Probably he moves, and then the landlord, to get a new tenant, paints the house, repapers not only the hall, but nearly the whole house; also puts on a new roof and re-floors the cellar. The new tenant, after all the trouble he has occasioned, may only keep the house for a month or two and then move away in the night without having paid rent. The house may then remain empty for a year. In fact, it is not necessary to conceal the truth, which is that I am speaking of a real house and a real landlord. The original tenant had occupied it for five years and asked for certain repairs, which were denied; he moved; the landlord was then compelled to make very extensive repairs, costing three times as much as the original tenant asked for; the new tenant remained two months, paid no rent, and moved in the night; the house then remained empty for more than a year. But the landlord has learned nothing from the experience, save that new tenants must be made to pay in advance. He has not, for instance, discovered that it is cheaper to gratify the whims of a good tenant than to fish for another like him.

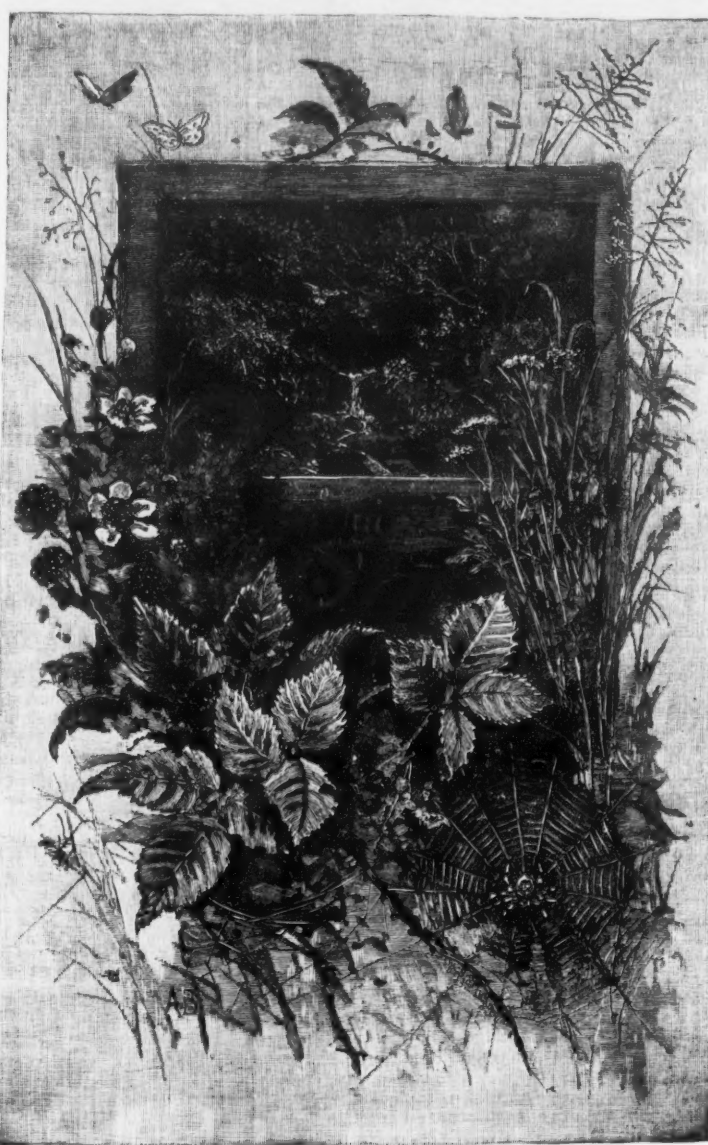
Nor was that landlord foolish only, for he did his original tenant much harm. That hapless person left a house that weekly suited him (if papered and painted a bit), and tried in vain to settle down somewhere, only to find that his days of happiness were gone. No other house could be had that possessed the merits of the one he had left, or, at least, so his family declared. His wife accused him of causing them to be turned out in the street through the hastiness of his temper, which led to a quarrel with that landlord, who, experience makes plain, is as good as any other. This unfortunate original tenant may in the end desert his wife, for she goods him by saying that a man who, in paying rent twelve times a year for five years, could not get on sufficiently good terms with his landlord to get a little repairing done, must be deficient in good sense or good-fellowship. I merely point this out to show how it is possible for happy families to be broken up by the thoughtless conduct of landlords who do not realize their responsibility in this

Through the long nights.  
W. D. Ellwanger in the Pall Mall Magazine.  
THROUGH the long nights how hard to woo is sleep!  
The hours drag slowly on, the minutes only creep;  
Time's store of sand runs out but grain by grain—  
Will slumber never come to break the endless train?  
The clock, for answer, still its weary tale recites  
Through the long nights.

Through the long nights how sorrow claims its own!  
How daylight's coward griefs troop 'round us then alone!  
The very silence throbs, we toss and fret,  
And every chancing sound drives slumber farther yet.  
Or crickets' chirp or storm, like wakefulness incites  
Through the long nights.

Through the long nights how clearly might we hear,  
Above our sob and sigh, above our cry of fear,  
The still, small voice, which worldly turmoil drowned!  
There, in the solemn darkness has it waked to sound.  
'Tis this which stirs our stubborn hearts, and sleep affrights  
Through the long nights.

Oh! list, my soul, this message, which the midnight brings!  
List!—that "the Sun may rise, with healing in His wings."  
"Hast thou thy sorrow?—Lo! thy friend hath more.  
Art thou distressed?—Lo! many a heart is sore.  
Hush then thine own—take thought of others' woes,  
So, slumber's kiss thy weary eyes shall close.  
And, when at last thy duties here are done,  
Thy labors finished, and thy course is run,  
Then shalt thou rest thee in the angel's keep;  
'For so He giveth His beloved sleep."  
Soon o'er thy wakening eyes a glorious light shall pour;  
An endless day shall dawn, and night shall be no more."



regard.  
But the landlord who evades his tenants in the springtime is the worst. Telephone him and you are told that he is out; call at his office and you are told that he is out of town; write to him and you get no reply; meet him on the street and he will promise to call at your house at nine a.m. next day—but you know that he will not, and he knows that you know that he will not. He is a man of experience, and he knows that if he can put you off until house-cleaning time is past he will be safe. If he is agent for a big company that manages a hundred houses he will promise you everything and really give you nothing, for you are only one of a hundred pursuers, and he can save a thousand dollars by dodging when he can and blarneying when he must. He takes his holidays in January and February so as to be strong and fresh for the battle-royal of house-cleaning time. Talk about landlordism in Ireland! The house-keepers of Toronto could make the Irish weep with a plain statement of wrongs as they exist here.

## Selling Tickets.

The Art of It.

IT was an evil hour when I consented to take a dozen tickets for the seventy-first annual At Home of the Buolice Association Lodge No. 19, and attempt to force them on my friends.

"Tell you what I'll do," said Smith. "I trembled instinctively. I felt what was coming. 'I'll take a ticket from you if you'll buy a ticket for the Spelling Club's smoker.' He smiled fiendishly as he said it; he knew he had me.

I caught Jones on his way to lunch. "What kind of a shine is it going to be?" asked Jones.

"Oh, social time," said I. "I don't go much on social times myself," said Jones.

"There'll be some music," said I. "Will there be any athletic work at all?" asked Jones.

"Well, no, you know; at an At Home, you know—it's not customary." "Oh, well," said Jones, "this listening to fellows and people singing ain't the thing for me."

"Do you want to buy a ticket for an At Home?" said I.

"No, I don't think so," said Wilkins. "You'll be sorry if you miss this," I insinuated.

"Well, old man, it's like this. I promised to go out with the wife to see some friends of ours that night, and I'd hate to—er—er—say, what night is it on?"

"Saturday night." "Pshaw! that's too bad. Any other night in the week, now, I'd have only been too glad to have gone. But my wife, as I say—"

Jenkins is a fellow that always has money to spend and I went over to his place after tea.

"Where are you going Saturday night?" asked I. I was now wise enough to cut off their escape in this direction at least.

"I dunno," said Jenkins. "Why?"

I told him.

"Sorry, old man," said he, "but I haven't got a cent this week."

"I'll postpone the affair till next week if you like."

"All right. Come around next week," said he.

"No," said I, "but I tell you what I'll do. I give you a ticket now and you can pay me next week."

But he wouldn't.

"No," he said. "I wouldn't miss this thing for the world, but it's a matter of principle. Years ago my father gave me his blessing and sent me out into the world. 'Never get into debt,' said he; those were his very words."

Jackson said, "My boy, if this was four years ago I'd have bought one like twinkling."

I said I was sorry I had not thought to ask him sooner.

"Yes," he said. "I was a terror after them things at one time, but I swore off four years ago. They were getting too firm a grip on me."

Some people, I believe, could make a fortune rough-casting bird-cages. They have the subtle persuasive power of making people pay for things they don't want. I can't. I gave two tickets away, tore up four and took the rest back, paying for the others out of my own pocket. There is only one way to succeed in peddling tickets. Buy them from every fellow that comes along. Then when you have any to sell, push them off on the fellows that sold them to you. You may catch them and you may not, but it's a losing business whichever way you look at it. S. H.

## The Kaiser's Wardrobes.

The Kaiser's wardrobes occupy a suite of five rooms in the old castle at Berlin. They are massive and of oak. In the middle of one of the rooms is a large table for spreading out the uniforms. There is a sixth room in which small repairs are undertaken. Here a tailor is permanently employed, for Kaiser Wilhelm does not throw away clothes until they are well worn. He keeps about eighteen pairs of white military gloves in use. These are cleaned and repaired from time to time. The glove receives a small yearly sum for his services. Each pair is supposed to have a certain "life." Should the leather show any defect, it is returned to the unlucky glove with a peremptory demand for an explanation. When a suit is ordered, woe be to the tailor should it not fit like a glove, though a "try on" is never permitted. Directly a suit has been taken off, it is returned to the wardrobe and there subjected to the closest scrutiny. The wardrobes contain only five suits of muffs, mostly made in Vienna. Like most German officers, the Emperor never looks well in them. He never wears an evening dress-suit, and there is an imperial regulation ordaining that wherever possible courtiers and guests shall wear the frock coat à l'Anglais, otherwise the newly introduced court-dress is de rigueur. The black swallow tail is thus fast being forced out of German court circles.

## The War Situation.

Our Correspondent Remarks Upon the Weaknesses of the United States System in the War Emergency.

WASHINGTON, D.C., April 25.

HERE can be no question as to the relations between the United States and Spain, though up to the present the internal arrangements possess the greater interest. The cruisers and gunboats are active, and are seizing every craft that flies Spanish colors, but the advantages gained are not great and are in all probability negated by the loss of United States ships near Spanish waters. Indeed, the first capture promises to foment trouble, as it claims British ownership. Indemnity would promptly be paid rather than incur the ill-feeling of Great Britain.

The United States goes halting in its foreign affairs. It was not until the Congress passed the resolutions expressing its demands regarding Cuba that the Administration began its consideration of what the ultimatum to Spain should be, the consideration taking two days. When the need of additional military force was felt, the relations between the State military and the Federal forces came in for a share of attention, and, after delays in Congress, the Army Reorganization Bill was passed which provides for recruiting from the trained bodies of the State organizations. After captures have been made, the question is discussed whether hostilities should not have been delayed until after the hour of the ultimatum. When the ticklish hour of diplomacy is past and military and naval affairs are largely in the hands of subordinates, John Sherman, whose association of ideas is weak, is persuaded to retire.

Part of the difficulty is no doubt constitutional. The work of the Convention of 1787, while creating three separate Federal authorities—the executive, the legislative, and the judiciary—introduced a series of checks and the Senate is, in great part, co-executive with the President. The chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee is, accordingly, a second Secretary of State through whom the feeling of Congress and its probable support is transmitted to the Cabinet.

Sir John Macdonald used to say that the next war in the United States would be between the "Haves" and the "Have-nots." Something of this is evinced in the distrust with which the Democrats view the acts of an administration to whose election the money-power contributed so much. McKinley is by no means the most able man in his party, and, while credited by the Democrats with the best of intentions, is believed to be much influenced by the men behind him who are desirous of "delivering the goods." When it is remembered that the administration has not a working majority in the Senate and Mr. Bailey and his followers resent most bitterly Reed's tyrannical conduct of the House business, it can be gathered how deeply the Cabinet can be involved in difficulty.

Accordingly it was only after a hard fight that recognition of Cuba was foregone in Congress, the belief being that Cuba was to be made an American satrapy. The Army Reorganization Bill was opposed from the fear that it would continue a large army in time of peace and afford patronage for the party. There is beginning to be considerable doubt whether the issuance of bonds will be allowed by Congress. The Democrats claim that sufficient funds are in the treasury and that the special war-tax will suffice to meet all extra requirements.

In brief, in foreign affairs the United States lacks that quick and incisive action that is so important to national advantage. In times of peace this difficulty is not felt, but were America as crowded with independent nations as Europe it would quickly be amended.

But all classes of people are equally patriotic, and the present crisis will do more than aught else during the last generation to undo the disintegrating work of the Civil War. Flags are flying in profusion. The scenes when troops leave the cities are evidences of patriotism, and are not lacking in both the pathetic and the Spartan.

There is not so much faith in a short duration of hostilities as formerly, and the waiting game of Spain may open up a chapter of surprises for the United States. The call for volunteers is for 125,000, for two years' service if necessary, and the number allows for the enlistment of almost the entire volunteer forces of the separate States, who furnish men proportional to their population. There will be but few raw men in the United States forces. The Federal regulars, the State regulars, and the volunteer bodies exceed the number of those desired.

Secrecy is the watchword in all the departments. Even Long is taciturn. The way of the correspondent is hard. But few newspaper men are allowed to proceed with the troops, and the prospect of a naval procedure during hostilities presents great difficulties to the press. The newspapers here have met the difficult assignment with spirit, and some score of despatch boats accompany Sampson's fleet. Their return comes through the numbers of extras sold, and this will be the almost exclusive reading of the majority of Americans for some time to come. News from these sources is reliable, but a vast number of canards float up north from the shores of Florida from correspondents with defective telescopes.

R. H. J.

"If you insist upon knowing, there are two reasons for my refusing you." "And they are?" "Yourself and another man." —Life.

Rigby—Did you fire your cook? Digby—No; she fired herself. Rigby—French leave? Digby—No; gasoline. —Brooklyn Life.

Commercial Traveler—Who's that talking so loud and kicking up such a fuss back there in the private office? Clerk (nonchalantly)—Oh, that's the silent partner. —Somerville (Mass.) Journal.







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## Anecdotal.

The late Bill Nye was fond of telling this story of his smaller daughter: At a dinner-table one day there was a party of guests for whom Mr. Nye was doing his best in the way of entertainment. A lady turned to the little girl. "Your father is a very funny man," said she. "Yes," responded the child, "when we have company."

Sarasate, the violinist, is a confirmed bachelor, and the responsibility is usually laid at Auber's door. When the latter handed Sarasate the first prize of the Paris Conservatoire, he wound up his little speech of presentation with the words: "And, above all, never marry!"—a piece of advice which Sarasate has never forgotten.

Sergeant Merewether once got into a carriage with Lord Campbell, who was then Chancellor of Great Britain and Keeper of the Great Seal, and tried to enter into conversation. Lord Campbell, however, was as unconvivial as possible, saying at last: "Why, Merewether, you get worse and worse; you're as fat as a porpoise." "Fit company, my lord," was the reply, "for the Great Seal."

Senator Proctor of Vermont is a cold and dignified man, but he has a sense of humor that sometimes causes his adversaries to wince. Senator Vest of Missouri was recently delivering a speech, in the course of which he became quite impassioned. He quoted two verses of poetry, which he incidentally remarked, had been set to music. "Sing it," said Mr. Proctor in his metallic way. The effect of the Missourian's remarks was totally spoiled.

Many good stories are told of Sir Richard Quain, whose social distinction had latterly overshadowed his medical reputation. One of the most characteristic of them was that of the friend-patient who was first urgently warned by Sir Richard Quain, the physician, against touching champagne or port, and shortly afterwards equally warmly urged by Sir Richard, the host, to try very special brands of those wines which he had brought out for his guests. The guest-patient laughed and drank, and pondered on the mystery of medical advice.

The superstition attached to the number thirteen would appear to have been exemplified in the case of Mr. Woolf Joel, who was recently murdered in the Transvaal. Less than a year ago a dinner was given in London, at which Mr. Woolf Joel was present. Fourteen were invited, and thirteen sat down. After dinner, the fact that an unlucky number embraced the guests was naturally a subject of comment. Mr. Woolf Joel remarked, "They say that on an occasion like this, he who rises first dies first; well, I'll try it—I'll rise first." He was as good as his word, and of the thirteen all are alive to-day but Mr. Woolf Joel.

Lord Charles Beresford in his interesting address before the boys at Harrow, about a month ago, stated that when he joined the Marlborough in 1890 a big boat-swain's mate looked at him and remarked: "Here's another one. That poor little beggar ain't long for this world." The sea airs worked wonders on young Beresford, yet the prophecy came near to being fulfilled in a most unexpected way. Off Bermuda a midshipman threw a packet of books into the sea and Beresford sprang after them. He had just been

hailed over the side again when a huge shark fouled the boat with great violence, being apparently unable to check the swift dash with which it had made for its intended prey. Perhaps some great admirals—or the makings of them—have thus been eaten in their bob-vial days and never heard of more.

Captain Sigsbee of the Maine is said to be quite an artist. In 1875 a modest young man called on one of the New York dailies and "submitted" some drawings, left his card and withdrew. When the package was opened the work was found to be unusually good and one of the pictures was brought out next day. It was decided to make room for the new artist on the staff of the paper, and a note was sent him bidding him report for duty on Monday morning. The reply made the editor sit up. It was as follows: "Lieutenant-Commander Charles D. Sigsbee, U.S.N., sends his compliments and begs to say that as he is at present in command of a Government ship, he cannot accept the position so kindly offered."

## Remarks on Sundry Fashionable Fads.

Mental, Material and Spiritual.

THE triumph of mind over matter receives its most striking illustration from the fashionable world, that part of it which doesn't often get credit for aggravated mentality. If not, how do you account for the girl who enjoys a dance in shoes a size or two smaller than her feet? She wills to wear the torturing things, she wills to forget her bunions and corns, she wills to appear her one hundred and twenty odd pounds upon the tips of toes crushed and numbed to half their proper space, and she does it! A clear triumph of strength of mind over weakness of matter, of which one sees suggestion in every razor-tooth patent-leather-tipped shoe these days.

A beautiful fad obtains just now; the out-of-door habit. The woman of to-day pines if she be obliged to remain in the house one whole day. She hates books, fancy work, music, with an irritable and impatient hatred worthy of primeval womanhood. She loves the wind among her hair, the sun and the cool fresh tingling raindrops on her face, the pulsing blood flowing quickly from the heart beating strong and even, and the voice clear, decided and ringing with energy and vitality. All this comes with the indulgence of the out-of-door habit, that love of the open with which suburban English maids used to surprise us, and with which we, in turn, may go south and amaze less energized maidens. Tennis gently led us into the open air habit, golf cannyly coaxed us further, and cycling completed the charm.

Fads may be fashionable in queer and otherwise unlikely quarters. Cookrellish her "five o'clock" long ere Missus succumbed to the fad of spoiling her appetite for dinner with strong tea and what Sara Bernhardt calls "the greasy abomination," buttered toast. By the way, it is a very up-to-date fad to be hungry—following upon the out-of-door habit. Formerly, it was hygienic, verdant and eminently bad form to avow oneself hungry after grace had been said. To-day an avowal of an appetite is smart and received with approval, presupposing hours of tramping over the links or careering about the roads on a "88 wheel"—quite a la mode.

In all the ferment of restless thought which disturbs the world nowadays, the healthy, hopeful unrest that, like growing pains, tells of growth, there have developed many fads which are to be taken more or less seriously. There are women who find help and strength from the gentle teachings of some Oriental seer, and minds which enjoy probing into the dimness of occultism. It is not only among the students that one hears discussions nowadays upon psychic development, upon aura, and ego, and emanations, and objective and subjective minds, and the inner significance of palmistry, and the baleful influences of a meat diet. No; one hears such subjects freely discussed in women's clubs, at five o'clock teas, and even "on the Rialto" in big cities, if not in Toronto. Here there is a conservatism and an attitude of unreciprocated which makes our women slow to change their fad traditions, to bring their ideas on psychic matters and on diet to an up-to-date level. If you tell most Toronto women that every pound of meat they stow away hangs a veil between them and a clear insight, they laugh at you and order rare beefsteak. If you insist upon a vegetarian diet too stringently they lay in a stock of cholera medicine and calmly await your collapse.

A fad of the hour is the crusade against ospreys and birds for the decoration of the lady-of-the-end-of-the-century's hat. This may be a good crusade, but when I hear some yearning female holding forth upon the cruelty of osprey-zathering, and then see her turn into her butcher's shop and approvingly gaze at the unfortunate little Easter lambkin, its little white woolly coat dashed with crimson life-blood, and its dainty little carcass spitted, and when my sensitive osprey dame orders a hindquarter of the poor little lamb, and later on smacks her pretty lips over it with mint sauce, I don't feel so mean about the ospreys for which I paid such a hot price, soulless wretch that I am! A real humanitarian would have to give up spring lamb as well as ospreys.

A queer fad which has sprung up since most of us were young is the wearing of what my schoolboy friend calls a purity badge. You see it—a tiny scrap of white ribbon, upon the goody-goody curate, the fat matron, the wiry old maid, and I once actually saw it on an alderman, but he died. It may not strike the best minds as it does me, this little white ribbon, but it always seems to me an intense bit of bad taste. One's personal purity seems too deep a thing for that bit of white ribbon

to any way concern itself with. Sentimental women have eaten me up for objecting to it, and good young curates have rolled up their eyes in horror that so sweet an emblem should disagree with my taste. But that bit of white ribbon always offends me somehow.

I am glad I'm not a soldier! Soldiers are nice to have always ready, just as one likes to see hand-grenades, and life-preservers, and Babcock extinguishers, and fire-escapes around, but no one wants a chance to use these things. Whatever the soldiers think when a war looms up suddenly on the horizon I don't know, but to the women war will always be a horror and a trial almost too hard to bear. All this war-talk to-day takes me back to the sixties in Gotham, when all I can remember is the women who were mourning. Everyone seemed to be in black those days! Girls were mourning for sweethearts cut down at Gettysburg and Shandoh and Bull's Run. Mothers were mourning; wives trembled to buy a rose for their bonnets, seeing always widows' weeds growing. The children's prayers were whispered with tears night after night, until at last there was a wild crying and mother's arms clasping fatherless bairns, and no more prayers! This is the meaning of war to the women—the women who started that great Peace Congress in 1880—the women who have forgotten the traditions of old days, having grown beyond them, and who don't bear sons to make targets of them for any alien lead.

LADY GAY.

## A Modern Conversation.

Life.

"I thought the bride looked well, didn't you?"

"Fairly well. But lavender is never so good as white, to my mind."

"I don't know but you are right. How much do you suppose it cost?"

"Her maid of honor told me privately it was over two hundred dollars."

"Um! It didn't look it. Who were those people on the right?"

"You mean those awful lookers?"

"Yes."

"Some of her relatives, I believe. One always has that cross to bear."

"That's so. I'm glad I didn't have to meet them. How many were there?"

"I should say two hundred at the reception, shouldn't you? Of course a lot were only asked to the church."

"Well, they didn't miss much."

"No. Still, the refreshments were fairly good."

"So so. I was dreadfully hungry."

"So was I. Did you see the presents?"

"Oh, yes. Skipper, I thought. Did you notice that plated ware?"

"Yes. They had it covered over with a rug, but I unearthed it."

"Relatives, I suppose."

"Oh, yes. What did you give her?"

"An etching. I got it awfully cheap. They were selling off."

"I gave her a book. I forgot the name, but the illustrations were lovely. Books are so cheap now."

"Aren't they?"

## Suffering Vanquished.

A Nova Scotian Farmer Tells How He Regained Health.

Had Suffered from Acute Rheumatism and General Debility—Scarcely Able to Do the Lightest Work.

From the Acadia, Wolfville, N.S.

One of the most prosperous and intelligent farmers of the village of Greenwood, N.S., is Mr. Edward Manning. Anyone intimate with Mr. Manning knows him as a man of strong integrity and veracity, so that every confidence can be placed in the information which he gave a reporter of the Acadia for publication the other day. During a very pleasant interview he gave the following statements of his severe suffering and recovery: "Two years ago last September," said Mr. Manning, "I was taken with an acute attack of rheumatism. I had not been feeling well for some time previous to that date, having been troubled with sleeplessness and general debility. My constitution seemed completely run down. Beginning in the small of my back the pain soon passed into my hip, where it remained without intermission, and I became a terrible sufferer. All winter long I was scarcely able to do any work and it was only with the acutest of suffering that I managed to hobble to the barn each day to do my chores. I appealed to medical men for help but they failed to bring any relief. At last I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and with their use came a complete and lasting cure. I had not used quite three boxes when I began to feel decidedly better. I continued using them until twelve boxes had been consumed, when my complete recovery warranted me in discontinuing their use. I have never felt better than since that time. My health seems to have improved in every way. During the past summer I worked very hard, but have felt no bad effects. The gratitude I feel to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, none but those who have suffered as I have and been cured, can appreciate."

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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"The Bookshop,"  
No. 19 King Street West.

## The Army Surgeon's Tale.

By Edwin Pugh, in "King Circumstances," a collection of short stories.

HE was in the Thirty-first.

It was during the Sudanese war. I remember him well—a full private, with the blackest of records, a red-eyed, loose-lipped little cockney, with an inordinate thirst and the filthiest vocabulary. He was pugnacious as a bull-terrier. He had stood up to one-third of the men in his regiment and been thrashed every time. He was grubby, he was mean, he was vulgar. But he was a hero too, in his way. In these decadent days we can't be too particular about our heroes. It is sweet to know that Bettles was one.

The fight was virtually over and our troops were moving northward in the valley of the Nile. It was bad weather—hot, dry, demoralizing. There wasn't a sound pair of shoes in the whole camp, and no man had any skin left on his nose or neck.

Once I heard Bettles say, as he surveyed his tattered breeches: "We shall walk into Cay-siro like bloomin' Adams, from the look of it."

"Yus," said one Bander, who was the last man to thrash Bettles, "an' without the fig-leaves, neither."

We were in hopes that the "Fuzzies" would trouble us no more, but they did.

One morning, as we were breaking up camp, a hard scream that we knew well rose on the heavy air, and a black, rapidly moving mass swept over the ridge of a line of hills half a mile away. The outposts had ridden in an hour before, so we were not altogether unprepared. In an instant the camp was in a state of upheaval. The Tommies grabbed their guns and scrambled to their feet, officers shouted, corporals swore; camels were kicked on to their legs; on all sides sounded the rattle of accoutrements.

The enemy had halted at the base of the hills, and one of them, a chief presumably, began to make a speech.

"The bloomin' mugs!" said Bettles, with large contempt. "They always fool about like that instead of getting one home quick. 'Ere they come!"

There was a moment of tense silence, broken only by the heavy tread of the oncoming horses' hoofs and the busy patter-patter of bare feet. Then, as the poor black wretches hurled themselves against our bristling front, the guns spoke, and a pandemonium of yells, shrieks and curses rent the air.

A few of the enemy had muskets—old-fashioned, long-stocked affairs, with priming-triggers and chased butts. A bullet from one of them took Bettles under the chin. He fell back through our shivering line of infantry, and we picked him up and laid him among the baggage behind the camels.

He asked me: "Is it domino, doctor?"

"Shut up, you young fool!" I said, for I was very busy, and his talking hindered me, besides being precious bad for him.

"Can't I have jest one more cut at 'em, doc?" he said.

"If you stand up, you'll die!" I told him. "Close your head and be still! Do you think I can waste all my time on you?"

He grinned at me, spat out a mouthful of blood, and fainted.

I was too much occupied to notice, but it seems that the enemy beat us back almost to the baggage camels before they were fully repulsed. When Bettles opened his eyes again the battle was raging close upon him. He could smell the powder and the blood. Where the Fuzzies struck the line it caved in and thinned. He could see, over the shoulders of the dirty red coats, the glistening, infuriated faces of the enemy. He became excited. "Go it, you cripples!" he was shouting. He was rolling over and beating the sand with his clenched fist.

Two men broke through the disordered line and fell across Bettles' feet. One of the men was a long-limbed Arab, the other was Bander. Bander's hair was stiff with gore and sweat, and blinding blood was bubbling from a gash across his forehead. It was a bad moment for Bander. The Arab had thrown him over and was kneeling on his stomach, throttling the life out of him. He heard Bettles yelling at the Arab, and sobbing and shouting out: "Bander's done! poor ole Bander's done! Hi! somebody come an' kill the Fuzzy!"

But there was no one to heed Bettles' appeal. I was over on the other side of the camp; and the correspondents were there, too, unfortunately for their "copy." One poor, half-decapitated wretch and Bettles were all who knew what was happening. Bander's eyes began to bulge. The Arab felt for his knife.

"Oh, Gawd! I can't stick this no 'ow!" said Bettles.

He got up dizzily and stretched out his hand and clutched a broken bayonet. The curling steel cut his hand to the bone. He leaned forward, seized the Arab by the nape of the neck and drove the impromptu weapon deep into his leathery back. Bander said, "Thanks, ole man!" and then they both fainted and fell across each other on the hot red sand.

We did what we could for him, but it was no good, of course. We made him a rough bed out of some old canvas and delayed the breaking up of the camp until the end came. He lay there raving, and we stood looking at him and listening.

"Fine stewing mussels!" he was shouting thickly. "And they're like wine here! Six a penny—ee! Blowers, men! Alf peek for a lady, 'Ria!"

"He did a bit of costermongering once," Bander explained to us. He was blubbering like a school-girl. "I often used see 'im coming up from Cov'ing Garden wi' sacks o' spuds, pore feller!"

Bettles heard Bander's voice. "Take yer 'ands off the barrer, can't yer?" he snarled. "You, Bander! take yer 'ands off the barrer, or I'll put you in your hat, mighty quick!"

And that is how he died. It was not quite a limelight effect, I admit. But, then, real heroes don't go in for limelight effects!

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Coupon. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not desired.

EASTWARD, Ho!—You have probably seen your answer long ago. In case it did not appear in due course, let me know.

HUDSON.—Rule 3 includes your letter. Please send me a study direct. I have destroyed the mutilated letter. Send coupon for each.

Cecil.—It is a fine, constant and reliable hand. You are bright and sensible, modest and level-headed, rather inclined to trust too easily, and ambitious to do your best. In time you will develop a fine personality.

TESTER-HOOKS.—You are clever, independent and self-willed; the bright, strong creature we all lean upon if we get a chance. Ambition, vivacity, good faith, originality and a very forcible nature are shown in this fine specimen.

D. S.—It shows many pretty things: imagination, enterprise, thought, admirable discretion, sympathy, tact, and a mercurial and volatile disposition. Writer is eminently fine, adaptable, reasonable, refined, and a trifle inclined to be self-seeking. There is marked charm and fascination about this airy study.

KIT AND TAG.—Only one coupon between you. I think Kit's the study best worth doing. She is forceful, ambitious, independent and affectionate, bright and animated, proud of herself and apt to idealize all her belongings. It's a crude hand, but a very strong and interesting one. Kit is likely to do the thing, while Tag's thinking of it.

E. A. B.—The study is strong, self-willed and self-respecting; firm and constant purpose, and an exceedingly practical turn are shown. Writer is tenacious and inclined to pessimism. She is not at all mature, but shows unusual character. Impatience and undue emphasis are faults time will overcome. Care and discipline will do wonders for this study.

GRACE H. H.—I. I think one may learn curious things from palmistry. I take it seriously. 2. Your writing shows a quick, firm, decided mind. You are a talker, and should be rather a bright one. You have ambitions, a very clear and emphatic expression, and a strong will; temper is good, but the gentler traits need a good deal of developing. You're very young.

SURPRISE.—Graphologically you are extremely bright, clever, magnetic and dashing. There is a tendency to despond rather than cheerful; the mind is exceedingly perceptive and bright and you should be an entertaining talker. You like to make a good impression and you have a clear and reasonable sequence of ideas, not, however, of a conventional type.

JENNIE LILIAS.—It is a pretty study, discreet and self-contained. Writer loves beautiful things; is very sympathetic, tactful and inclined to be conservative. A good deal of force and energy and a good temper are shown. Writer is not remarkably generous, can be merry, and generally looks on the best side. No marked originality is shown, but a good touch of cleverness.

GEOFFREY FERRE.—You are original and very tenacious, rather high-strung, and of a dominant and forceful disposition. You may sometimes be over-enthusiastic, and a hasty method sometimes mars your work. The study is ambitious, magnetic, and full of vitality; a very independent turn of mind and strong conviction are shown. As you are strong, my friend, be merciful.

P. PUTANS.—You waste a good deal of energy and possibly are too fond of talking. There is some originality but little culture in this study, and, though perseverance is good, the mind is not clear and direct. You do not judge justly, being sometimes overruled by impulse, and there is a tendency to sentimentalize. I think you'd be a theorist rather than a steady worker. It's an exasperating sort of study, with many mannerisms and not a great lot of discretion.

SYBIL.—Well, I hope you haven't a blue fit on when you get this, for I can assure you you won't find me a bit like those two. Jean is a dear creature; we're very good friends. The other party I don't know, nor perhaps want to. I think you are just in an uncomfortable state. Never measure your corn in another person's half-bushel. The sensible person knows that great minds must be little minds first, and takes courage. I am truly sorry you have those spells. It is a foolish mistake. Don't give way to them. Won't you send me a line soon again?



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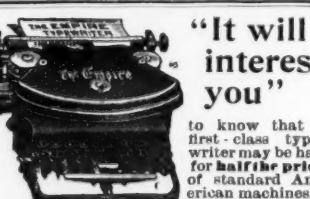
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## Studio and Gallery

The Ontario Art School annual exhibition now being held in the O.S.A. galleries brings out the fact that we have a very promising lot of young pen-and-ink artists at least in this city. There is, I believe, a larger number of entries in all classes this year than usual, and I think it is perfectly safe to say the uniform merit of the display is decidedly above the average. There is a large number shown in the antique class, and Mr. Cruikshank, the master in this branch, is to be congratulated. A great many of the entries in all classes are in competition for the medals and prizes given by the Provincial Government annually and by a private gentleman this year, and so are of course unsigned. Thus the authors of several of the best drawings are for the present unknown to the public and cannot here be given the praise which should be theirs. Among those where the names are given some of M. E. B. Middleton's casts are well and industriously done, though it is extremely difficult to select a few from the many as being especially deserving of mention. In the life-class work there is a larger variety, though I think the average is quite as high. The picture that strikes me in this class as being the best, or at all events one of the best in the exhibition, is a beautifully poised female head by N. M. Price. It is a well-drawn piece of charcoal work, clean, but soft and delicate. The same artist has several other heads besides drawings in pen-and-ink, and all are decidedly clever. Mr. Price, I am told, has been a pupil of the school for four years, and in that time the raw material has been developed, in a sense, into a very satisfactory finished article. A. R. Hewitt has a large number of pen-and-ink and wash-drawings from the life, all bright and snappy. A sketch in pencil,



"You've seen people in the country driving those taps into the maple trees to get the sap?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, coming down here yesterday I saw a fellow driving one into a telegraph pole. I stopped and asked him what he expected to get."  
"What did he say?"  
"Current wine."

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## Our Display

at the Russell House, Ottawa, for the last ten days was very well received and several very nice orders secured from the best people in that city. The Countess of Aberdeen and Lady Marjorie inspected the work and were very much pleased with it.

**The HIGH GRADE ART STUDIO**  
114 King Street West

If I remember, of a bearded man in a Tam-o'-Shanter was especially full of character. Miss Anna Fraser has some good things in charcoal. W. E. Kingsford showed some bright pen-and-ink and wash-drawings. G. L. Thomson's heads from life were clever and his lady in a chair was well drawn. A very nice study of a well-built young man in woodsman's dress, a shotgun resting naturally under his arm, was signed A.E.S. Miss Goddard exhibits among others a good forceful drawing of a female head. Kahrs has a number of pen-and-ink sketches, and a novel effect of solid blacks and pure whites done with brush and ink. Fred Haines had a number of crisp wash-drawings. A head, very like that of Mr. Gladstone, was to be met with here and there. This, it seems, belongs to a carpenter who acts as model in the life-class, and whose chief attribute next to his remarkable resemblance to the G.O.M. is his propensity to drop off to sleep. In the other room are exhibited the industrial designs, in which classes are conducted by Mr. Hahn and Mr. Holmes. Some of the designs shown are also in competition and names cannot be mentioned. A very nicely drawn design for an iron gate is an exceedingly attractive piece of work, though it is rather doubtful if such an elaborate ornament would be practicable for the purpose. Some stained-glass designs by Jefferys and Walter Lyon deserve praise and attract admiration. A pretty and original border using the mosaic-in-plant attracts the eye, while a couple of designs for leather book-covers are rich and artistic. A design for a trophy-cup while elaborate is delicate and quiet in treatment, which is a hopeful thing to see from the hands of a young artist, as trophies, as we know them, are generally hideous affairs. In the color class, which is conducted by Mr. G. A. Reid, several rather striking studies of heads are to be seen, though most of these are anonymous. Mr. Hewitt has some pretty sketches of Muskoka scenery and a couple of good heads. S. A. Heyler, C. L. Hillyard and E. R. Heaven are among those who show talent and a liking for hard work, although this is a noticeable feature of the whole exhibition. The exhibition as a whole forms an encouragement to both masters and pupils, besides being of great interest to the lay public.

The last day for receiving artists' work for the Ontario Society's exhibition is Monday, May 2. The exhibition will be open on May 9 and will continue until the end of the month. I understand that a number of members residing abroad will send pictures, and there is every reason to believe the twenty-sixth exhibition will equal if not excel previous ones. Several prominent architects have sent in specimens of work, and these, with drawings in black and white for illustration, are new features that will add interest and variety to the exhibit. As usual the exhibition will be held in the O. S. A. galleries, 105 King Street West, which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, are, I may say, in the same building as the Princess Theater.

An interesting picture is nearing completion under the brush of Mr. J. W. L. Forster. It shows a Christian missionary woman seated on a native basket-chair talking with a little Bengalese girl, whose hand she holds in her own. They are looking into each other's faces with interested and natural expressions. The child is a miniature old person, the custom in India being to dress little maids just like their grown women, and this maid of nine years has on her forehead the red mark signifying that she has been given in marriage. Rev. Mr. Byers and Mrs. Byers, missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, are responsible for this picture—Mrs. Byers sitting for the lady missionary, and a little native maid who accompanied them on their present visit home also serving as a model, while native costumes and the accessories of a Bengal home are among Rev. Mr. Byers' effects. The picture will no doubt excite a good deal of interest if completed in time for the O.S.A. exhibit. Mr. and Mrs. Byers have been ten years in India. Mr. Byers has three congregations or missions, and preaches in three languages, besides directing missions in interior villages and superintending a leper colony. Mrs. Byers teaches English to women and children, on condition that

the teaching be done through the medium of Christian books, and also trains the women in needlework and fancy work to draw them away from the idleness that custom imposes on them.

At the auction sale of pictures belonging to Mr. O. A. Howland and Mr. James Smith at Townsend's on Thursday of last week, good prices were secured for all the smaller pictures. The highest price paid for a picture was \$50. As usually happens, some of the trifling bits brought better prices than were expected.

The grave of Dante Gabriel Rossetti is, it seems, in a neglected state, and an admirer of the poet and painter, who visited Birchenhead churchyard on Easter Sunday, calls attention to the fact. She writes: "The stone is covered with unsightly patches of yellow lichen, which deface the beautiful designs of Ford Madox Brown, and even somewhat obscure the lettering. It is only sixteen years since Rossetti died, but from the appearance of the stone one might fancy that three times that number of years had passed since that Easter Sunday when the famous poet breathed his last."

The London *Athenaeum* says: "If we are to look upon art as a mode of culture it must be said that the exhibition of 'Australian art,' which is now open at the Grafton Galleries, is, speaking generally, neither more nor less than wasted labor. There are, of course, among nearly four hundred distinctly ambitious paintings, a few which evince natural ability as well as sound studies, but of the mass it is right to say that it is a comprehensive collection of the latest, roughest, and least scholarly manifestations which give to the annual show of the Champ de Mars its distinctive characteristics, among which beauty is not to be looked for, much less insisted on; while style and learning, and the more recondite qualities of purity and brilliancy in color and tone, are not appreciated at all."

Among the works likely to attract attention in the Paris *Salon* is a large picture by M. Jean Paul Laurens which will ultimately fill a panel in the Hotel de Ville. It has occupied the famous artist for many months, and represents the Arrest of Broussel. It will complete the series of pictures concerned with the history of Paris. It is crowded with figures, prominent among which is the commander of the men-at-arms who arrested Broussel. M. Clairin will send two pictures which he has recently completed in Egypt, L'Entree de la Vallée de Thebes and La Grande Vague. M. Detaille contributes Le Reve de Chalon, 5 October, 1890; M. Harpignies, Souvenir du Dauphiné; M. Robert-Fleury, Une Arrestation sous la Terreur; H. Watelin, Le Marais de Bover, Somme, and M. E. Sain a dance.

An odd form of revenge is reported from Prague. Among other pictures sent in for a forthcoming exhibition was a portrait of Mommsen by Herr Lenbach. Mommsen having shown sympathy with the Austrian Germans in their anti-Slav revolt, the portrait has been rejected on the ground that the "physiognomy of this brutal German" could act only as a provocation to visitors. Then why lose the chance of "hanging" him?

JEAN GRANT.

## Hints to Conversation.

THE London *Chronicle*, in commenting upon a Canadian's letters to the press upon the prevalence of tipping in London, says that "even to the Londoner, who picks his way discreetly, it is a great and apparently growing infraction, while to the stranger it naturally suggests scarcely veiled highway robbery." A correspondent to the Montreal *Star*, recently returned from England, also rails at the tip-habit in England. The subject is raised every year in Canada, and really we gain nothing by the discussion of it. We run over to London at intervals, start in by resenting the giving of tips, learn that we must tip guides, waiters, footmen, railway employees, etc., if we are to get along with any degree of comfort, then, home we come and write to the press. And what is the gain? Back to London a year or two later, and our experiences are the same. Would we

not better devote some talent to the study of giving tips gracefully and discreetly? Possibly we resent the giving of tips chiefly because we have a consciousness that we do not know when, whom or how to tip. It becomes a fascinating study in time, and, once mastered, a joy. It is not unlike golf, for while it may seem easy it is really an intricate science. The experienced person would not favor the abolition of tip-giving, for it would mean the loss of those advantages over the mob which the experienced person knows how to get for very little.

A Montreal gentleman, his wife and myself (writes the correspondent already alluded to) took in the sights at the Royal Mews, Buckingham Palace, the light cream-colored horses used by Her Majesty in the Jubilee procession, state coaches, the gorgeous sets of harness with histories attached, and all the rest of it. Our card of admission stated that no gratuities were to be offered to attendants, and we were foolish enough to think that we should obey this injunction. The attendant, however, had other views. He managed to draw my friend aside in one of the coach houses, while the lady and I walked on ahead, and whispered insinuatingly: "If you feel like making me a little present, sir, you had better do it now."

The writer of the London literary letter in the New York *Times* says: "So far as can be ascertained influenza is the only disease that promotes the sale of novels. Consumption probably stimulates the sale of semireligious stories, and it is possible that prolonged indigestion, accompanied by nausea, tempts people of the homoeopathic faith to read Sarah Grand's physiological novels; but as an aid to the spread of general novel reading there is nothing to be compared to influenza." There are some authors who write stories that I cannot read with patience. Possibly these authors presuppose influenza in their admirers.

The discussion about the removal of the Grand Trunk head office to Toronto was worth while if it succeeded in nothing more than causing the *Globe* to create its happy phrase describing Ontario as the choicest cut, "the porterhouse steak of the continent."

Is the effect of war wholly bad? The Los Angeles *Review* evidently thinks not, for it claims that if it were not for war, now living, would be crowded off the face of the earth. It has been figured out that since the beginning of the present era 4,000,000,000 people have been killed in war. What shape would the world have been in now had these persons not been slain?

About twenty-five years ago the game of croquet began to give way before the advance of tennis, and now we are told that in England croquet is gaining its lost position and relentlessly crowding tennis to the wall. In 1895 the defunct All-England Croquet Club was revived during the tournament at Maidstone, and now has two hundred and fifty influential members. But it may be argued that golf has the call for the near future.

## Story of a Cat.

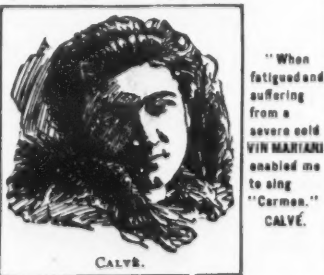
The Khan in Dundas Banner.

The first cat was a wretched, starved Bedouin of a cat and belonged (their only earthly possession) to a very poor old couple who lived just over the way from my home. She got the cold shoulder from us, as she was a notorious chicken thief, and she generally got out of the way in



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good shape when the subscriber or his dog have in sight. One day my mother and I were standing by the open kitchen door when the cat darted past us, entering the kitchen with something in her mouth and then darted out again. We went in and found a little soft muffy kitten under the stove. We heard a clatter and in darted the cat with another kitten. She made two more trips, making in all four kittens, and, with one long, last loving caress to her darlings, and one wild, appealing look to us, she fled and we saw her no more.

Now, this cat had simply reasoned it out like this: "I am too poor to raise these kittens and my folks are too poor to help me any. The people across the way have loads of milk and meat, and stuff, and although they don't like me they won't hurt my kittens."

We justified the faith that was in her and adopted the kittens, giving three of them out to Christian families, who would be kind to them, and they all four had happy homes ever afterwards.

## Britain and the U. S.

Rochester Democrat.

We have our little differences with Canada, but blood is thicker than water, and the civil liberty established by the Anglo-Saxon race is worth every sacrifice. The Anglo-Saxon race in arms can defy the rest of the world. When the time comes America and Britain will stand together. The time may be nearer than most people suspect.

## Interesting Prisoners.

Of course they tarried a while in France, beautiful France; and there they visited a gaol.  
"Who," they asked, "is that prisoner with the tall white forehead?"  
"That," replied the guard, "is one who has been convicted of treason."  
"And these others?"  
"These are those who know him to be innocent."

In the corridor, just beyond, was a

**Ladies' Bicycle Leggings**  
—50c.  
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## Too Plain For a Riddle.

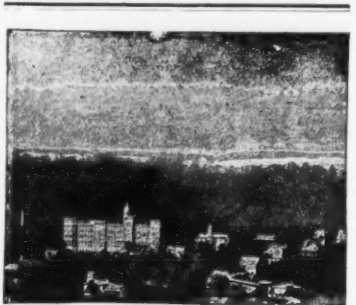
Is pain "a riddle to which the earth can give no answer?"

In his address at the recent Boston (U.S.A.) celebration of the semi-centennial of anesthesia Dr. S. Weir Mitchell said that it is. If he means that the very existence of evil and trouble in this world is a "riddle," it is not worth while to argue the point with him. The theologians and metaphysicians have hammered away at that conundrum for centuries without making head or tail of it. But allow the existence of evil in the shape of disease (as we must) it is not hard to spell out what pain is for. Any schoolboy (dull boy at that) can see through it. A tipsy man sits down before the fire to dry his boots and warm his feet. Five minutes later, in a sudden sleep, he sticks out his legs and deposits both feet on the red-hot coals. Before you can count twenty he yanks his boots off the grate with a yell.

Now, what conveyed to the unconscious man the information on which he acted—thus saving himself serious injury? It was what Dr. Mitchell calls a riddle—Pain.

At this stage of the argument I beg to introduce our good friend Mr. May of Ramsgate. He is a well known florist there, and the story he tells may be trusted in every particular, and will lead us straight to the conclusion we want to come at.  
"In the early part of 1883," he says, "I began to feel ill and out of sorts. I felt low and dull as if something had come over me. I had a bad taste in the mouth, a poor appetite, and all my food lay like a lump of lead on my chest. I had a sinking sensation at the pit of the stomach which made me feel wretched."  
"I passed restless nights, and soon got so weak and dejected that I wished to have no company. I got about my business, but I was in pain and misery that I did so. In this state I continued for six months, getting worse and worse, until I thought I should have died. I saw a doctor, but his medicines did not suit my case."  
"Mr. Longley, plumber, St. Lawrence, then recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle of

bronze statue of Justice, with a brass beef-steak bound over each eye.—Ez.



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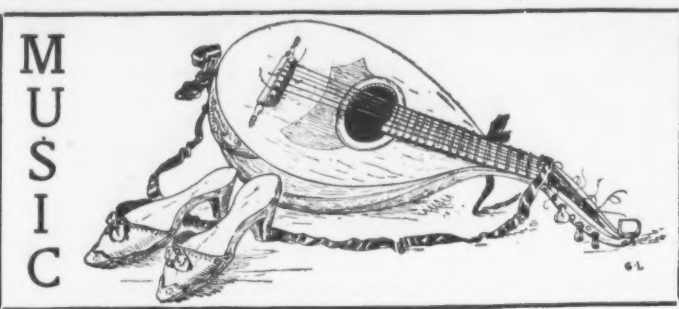
this medicine from Mr. Saunders, chemist, and after taking it I found great relief. My appetite improved, and the food agreed with me, and I felt brighter and stronger. When I had taken two bottles I was as well as ever, my friends asking what had wrought the change.

I tell all that Mother Seigel's Syrup restored me to sound health. My wife, who suffered for a long time from indigestion, took the same medicine and soon was completely cured. You can publish this statement, and refer anyone to me. Signed R. May, Danstone Cottage, St. Lawrence, Ramsgate, January 27, 1897.

If the sleeping man with his feet on the hot coals (assuming that he was alone in the room) had not been warned by the pain of the burn, he might have been crippled for life in ten minutes. The obvious purpose of pain, then, is to let us know when things are going wrong with these bodies of ours. Distress, discomfort, misery, the observed failure of some organ to perform its duty, the interruption of the customary habits and workings of the body—all these things, and others, are in the nature of messages or notifications to the mind that there exists a condition we call disease; which must be attended to at once if we value our lives. In medicine these sensations are called *symptoms*; by their variety and relation to one another, enabling the doctor to judge what ails us. This is the common sense of pain. It is no more a "riddle," if Dr. Mitchell please, than the clouds that tell us when to expect rain.

The disease from which Mr. May suffered, whereof he feared he might die, was that prevailing and dangerous complaint, dyspepsia. His weakness resulted from his inability to digest sufficient food to maintain his strength. Now suppose there had been no other sign of ill-health about him save mere weakness. That would have been bad enough, but it was the pain and misery, the positive wretchedness, caused by the disease, that impelled him to continue seeking a cure until he fortunately found it in Mother Seigel's Syrup.  
No, pain is not a "riddle." It is one of Nature's most merciful agents, as Mother Seigel's Syrup is one of her greatest remedies.





A writer in a recent number of the *Century* magazine comments on the fact that in musical matters America is being influenced by the best from all quarters of the world, and that the drift of musical effort was in the right direction. Foreigners who have visited America have given expression to the same opinion, and the conclusions arrived at by the most observant of modern thinkers would seem to indicate that, although America possesses no musical past of any consequence, it would be unwise for any one of the European countries as our own, not even Old England, the Associated Board of the R. A. M. and R. C. M. to the contrary notwithstanding. It is hardly probable that on this side of the Atlantic we will accept without protest German ideas on organ-playing or English traditions in piano-playing. For those who are inclined to fall down and worship the musical ideals exclusively of any one of the older lands I would recommend the perusal in the *March* of *Organ Music and Organ-Playing*. The following extract will go to show how far behind the times certain European countries are along special lines of musical effort:

"Twelve years ago I was invited to play in Genoa by Signor Remondini, who, though not a professional musician, was one of the leaders in reforming organ-building and organ music in Italy. I found among the organs of Genoa a general impression that it was impossible to play Bach and Mendelssohn on the organ; and when I told them that I played Bach's fugues upon organs constructed after the plans of Signor Remondini, their surprise was great. In fact, it was so apparent, that I requested them to call for any one of Bach's fugues at my recital. When I responded to their call for one, they sat open-mouthed with astonishment. They called for another. To their credit as musicians be it said, that these fugues made a profound impression upon them, and that the next day every organist of Genoa was making arrangements to have a pedal-board attached to his piano, so that he might practice pedaling the Bach fugues at home."

It will occur to many who have read M. Guilman's excellent article that the organ syllabus of the Associated Board of Examiners of England would be admirably adapted to Italy at just this time. It is difficult for Canadians to conceive of such a condition of affairs as is pointed out by M. Guilman in the paragraph quoted, existing in a country boasting a grand musical past. In this country, to which the Associated Board is about to forward its "missionaries," scarcely a country village was without its modern pipe-organ even twenty-five years ago, and certainly it would have been a difficult matter to find any rural organist a quarter of a century ago in Canada with an impression that it was impossible to play Bach and Mendelssohn on the organ.

A most brilliant programme of *ensemble* music was that given in Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week by MM. Ysaye, Marteau, Gerardy and Lachauume, and it is to be regretted that a musical event of such paramount importance from an artistic point of view should have been listened to by so small a number of people. It is doubtful whether a quartette of performers of the fame of the artists named have ever before appeared on the concert platform in this city in an evening of concerted music. The two violinists, MM. Ysaye and Marteau, and the cellist, M. Gerardy, are known throughout the musical world as among the foremost of living soloists on their respective instruments, and the rare privilege of hearing such a combination on the same platform comes but too seldom to Torontonians. The programme presented on this occasion was as follows:

Serenade for violin, viola and cello. Beethoven  
MM. Ysaye, Marteau and Gerardy.  
Concerto in D minor for two violins. J.S. Bach  
MM. Marteau and Ysaye.  
Adagio and Fugue from First Sonata  
for violin. M. Marteau and J.S. Bach

Quartette for piano, violin, viola  
and cello. Mendelssohn. Paul V. d'Indy  
MM. Lachauume, Marteau, Ysaye and Gerardy.

Regarding the interpretation of this exceptionally interesting scheme one might well deal in superlatives. Individually and in the *ensemble* the remarkable gifts of the performers came as a revelation to many in the audience, and a more enthusiastic and profoundly impressed gathering has seldom attended a concert in Toronto. The superb technical attainments and profound musicianship of the two violinists were wonderfully illustrated in the Bach concerto, a work making phenomenal demands upon the technique and culture of the performers. The rendering of this number proved a veritable triumph for both Ysaye and Marteau. In his solo number Marteau was equally successful, and in the magnificent Beethoven trio, and the modern quartette by d'Indy, the artistic achievements of all the performers were most pronounced. The pianist, M. Lachauume, although undoubtedly outclassed by his associates, nevertheless played with rare intelligence and proved himself, as an *ensemble* player, an artist of exceptional gifts. The concert will be long remembered by those who attended as a most unique and brilliant event.

The commercial success of the innumerable musical examining bodies of England is encouraging all sorts of concerns to enter the field. The *modus operandi*, according to an English writer, appears to be for some "irresponsible parties to 'organize,' by some means procure the

'patronage' of titled notables, and finally to induce prominent musicians to enter into the scheme on the basis of 'you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours.' The names of such musicians, who are the paid 'examiners' of these various fakes, provide a strong magnet in attracting the unwary music student who, in some parts of the world, seems to feel that all that is necessary to his success is a certificate or diploma. The eminent Liverpool organist, Dr. Charles W. Pearce, having been offered, by a newly formed musical institution for the purpose of protecting teachers and granting diplomas to the same, a seat upon its council, replied as follows: "I am quite sure that the Incorporated Society of Musicians may be very safely left to protect the best interests of *bona fide* teachers of music. At all events, I can see no possible good in the formation of yet another irresponsible diploma-conferring body, and therefore I beg to decline with thanks the offer that you have made me of a seat upon the council of your new guild."

The organ recital and sacred concert given in the Jarvis street Baptist church on Tuesday evening last attracted an immense audience of music-lovers, the large edifice being crowded to the doors long before the time advertised for the concert to begin, hundreds being turned away unable to gain admittance. The programme introduced as vocal soloists: Miss Dora L. McMurtry, Miss Lola Ronan, Mr. Bruce Bradley and Mr. J. A. Newsum; and as instrumental soloists, Mrs. Adamson, violin, Miss Loe Winlow, cello, and Misses Jessie Perry, Florence Brown, Edith Miller, and Mr. W. H. Hewlett, organists. Much enthusiasm was created among the audience by the admirable work of all the vocalists and by the brilliant performances of the organists in a selection of compositions which served to display to advantage the very fine organ of the church. The Conservatory of Music String Orchestra, of which Mrs. Adamson is conductress, played with excellent effect Gounod's charming Meditation on Bach's First Prelude, for orchestra, organ and piano. The choir of the church was also heard in a number of choruses, and the concert as a whole proved one of the most successful ever given in the church.

The vocal recital by advanced pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds, which was given on Tuesday evening last in the music hall of the Conservatory of Music, attracted a very large and critical audience. The programme introduced a number of vocalists whose talents and culture have already won for them recognition as soloists outside the Conservatory, and the general excellence of the performance demonstrated anew Miss Reynolds' success and energy as a teacher. The pupils participating in the programme, which was made up of standard operatic, concert and ballad selections, were: Misses McNabb, Josie Freyseng, Emma H. Watt, Tilla Lapatinikoff, Daisy Sutherland, Therese Tymon, Dollie Martin, Maude Richards, Mrs. Mima Lund-Reburn, and Mr. R. R. McIntosh. Additional numbers were contributed by Miss Lena Doherty, an organ pupil of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison; a mandolin solo by Miss Lillie Cottam; a piano solo by Miss Blanche Badgley, pupil of Mr. Edward Fisher; a violin solo by Miss Winnifred Skeath Smith, and a humorous reading by Miss Florence Ruthven. Mr. Donald Herald as accompanist and Miss Dallas as organist also gave very valuable assistance.

A very successful recital by pupils was given at the Metropolitan School of Music on Tuesday evening of last week. In consequence of the weather the audience was not large, but this did not interfere with the enthusiasm of those present. The details of the programme need hardly be given, but its value was in keeping with the customary high standard of the Metropolitan. The performers were: Pianists, Misses Constance Gouinlock, Marjorie Sewell, Millie Brownlow, Helen Parlow, May Woonkey and Gwendolyn Roberts, the last named having to respond to an encore; violinists, Master Roy Flook and Mrs. McKee; reader, Miss Lillian M. Welch, who also was vociferously encored; vocalists, Misses Carrie Jones, Bertha Rogers, and Messrs. O. B. Dorland and R. B. Weekes. The teachers represented by pupils in this concert were: Mrs. Roberts, Misses Belle H. Noonan, Amy R. Jaffray, C. M. Tufford, Messrs. J. M. Sherlock, August Andersen, Cecil C. Forsyth and the music director, W. O. Forsyth.

A very enjoyable recital was given on Friday evening of last week at the Toronto Junction College of Music by pupils of Miss Macmillan, F. X. Mercier and G. H. Ozburn, assisted by Miss Kate Archer, violinist. All the numbers showed the most painstaking regard for detail on the part of the teachers. The pupils who appeared were: Mrs. McConnell, Misses Jennings, Wright, Andrews, McManus, Ryan, Bastedo, Stevens, Higgins, Hass, Rowntree, Trebilcock, Townsend, Greenwood, Campbell, Howell, Mrs. Hillburn and Mr. Horner. Miss Kate Archer's violin solo was received with much enthusiasm by the large audience present. The college has just completed the third and most successful term since its opening last September, nearly one hundred pupils being in attendance. The concerts given have created a higher appreciation of music in the Junction and surrounding towns, and it is expected that larger quantities

will have to be secured at an early date.

A new chorus in this city, and one that is regional, the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada Male Chorus, will give a concert in Massey Hall on Thursday, May 12, under the distinguished patronage of His Honor Sir Oliver Mowat, Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Ontario, and Miss Mowat, Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Lieut.-Col. Otter and Mrs. Otter, Lieut.-Col. Delamere and Mrs. Delamere, and the officers of the regiment. There is no doubt of the success of the concert, as all seats can be reserved at the nominal figure of twenty-five and fifty cents, and can be procured from members of the regiment and members of the chorus. Seats can be reserved at Massey Hall on and after Thursday, May 5. The following talent will take part: Queen's Own Male Chorus, Queen's Own Band, Queen's Own Bugle Band, Miss Frances World, Mr. H. R. Macdonald, Miss L. Ronan, and Mr. Bert Harvey.

Toronto's popular tenor well deserves a packed house on the occasion of his farewell concert in Association Hall on May 2. Mons. Mercier during his stay in Toronto has won great popularity amongst all classes, both by his merit as a vocalist and his ready response to the demands made on his services for charitable objects. On this account and in recognition of his talent, it is hoped his friends will succeed in making his farewell concert a great financial success. A musical success it is certain to be, for the best artists of Toronto will take part, and Mons. Mercier will also contribute a few selections. This will be his last appearance in this city previous to his departure to France and Italy, and we have every reason to believe that the farewell benefit accorded to this popular young artist will be a substantial one.

Mr. Paul Hahn will conclude a successful season's musical work by giving a recital in the Guild Hall, McGill street, on the evening of May 16, (the date having been changed from May 10) and, in addition to being an interesting musical occasion, it will be a pleasant social event under the distinguished patronage of Sir Oliver Kirkpatrick, Sir William and Lady Meredith, Sir Casimir S. Gzowski, Mrs. Nordheimer and others. Mr. Hahn will be heard in several new cello solos and will be assisted among others by Mrs. Charles Sanders, soprano; Miss Mary Mara, pianist; Miss Birnie, pianist; Miss Eloise Keating, a clever young harpist, who has studied in Brussels; Signor Pier Delasce, bass; Mr. W. E. Rundle, tenor, and Miss Shippe, accompanist.

A patriotic correspondent of an English journal points out that in the announcements of the Philharmonic Society for the coming season the name of not one English soloist—pianist, violinist, violoncellist—is to be found. The London *Musical Opinion* in commenting on this says: "One would have scarcely thought it possible from our oldest English musical society: but so it is. We need more of the honest patriotism of good old Matthew Lock, who in 1856 made bold to tell 'those mountebanks of wit who think it necessary to disparage all they meet with of their own countrymen' that he 'never yet saw any foreign instrumental compositions worthy an Englishman's transcribing.' That, of course, was an exaggeration; but it was an exaggeration on the right side."

The complimentary concert to be tendered Herr Rudolf Ruth on the evening of May 9 is attracting marked attention in local musical circles. The well known ability of Herr Ruth as a cellist and pianist, and his success as an instructor on both these instruments, have frequently been referred to in these columns. Probably no cellist now residing in Canada is the equal of Herr Ruth, either as regards technique or breadth of tone, and the concert to be given on the 9th will give a very favorable opportunity to those who attend to hear him at his best. The event is under the patronage of many of our most prominent citizens, and its success is already assured, both from a social and artistic standpoint.

In reply to an enquiry I would say that the Rubinstein piano concerto in D minor which was played by Mme. Rive-King at the recent concert given by the Seldi orchestra in Massey Hall, had not been heard in Toronto before in its entirety. Several of our most talented local pianists had been heard in fragments of the work previous to this occasion, the first movement of the concerto having to my knowledge been played at a pupils' recital in 1886. Portions of the work have been given since at various times with and without orchestra, but Mme. Rive-King's performance of the concerto in its entirety marks its first production in its entirety in Toronto.

The announcement of Josef Hofmann's piano recital, which takes place in Massey Hall on May 10, is creating the liveliest interest in local musical circles. Piano students particularly are eagerly awaiting the appearance of this phenomenal artist, and many applications for seats have been received from both professional and amateur musicians from outside towns. This will be the greatest pianistic event of the year and will doubtless be largely attended. A subscribers' list opened at the box office on Thursday morning last. Subscriptions are now being received, and seats will be allotted in the order in which the names are given in.

An *ensemble* concert of unusual interest was given at the College of Music on Tuesday evening last by pupils of Mr. F. H. Torrington, the director. The programme, which included Beethoven's C minor concerto, Weber's Concertstuck, two movements of Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, and other works, was carried out in a manner reflecting greatest credit upon the performers and their capable instructor. Those taking part were: Misses Fodick,

Williams, Tait, Kennedy and Husband. The programme was also varied through several vocal and cello numbers.

Mr. G. D. Atkinson, who is studying at the Toronto College of Music under Mr. F. H. Torrington, has lately been appointed organist of Bathurst street Methodist church, Toronto. Another pupil of Mr. Torrington's, Mr. Henry Jordan, has been appointed organist *pro tem.* of Kingston cathedral during the absence of the organist in England.

Miss Loe Winlow, the very talented young cellist, whose artistic playing at the concert given in Jarvis street Baptist church on Tuesday created so much interest and enthusiasm, has been engaged to accompany Miss Beatrice Hamilton and Miss Carrie Lash on their Western concert tour.

The organ of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, is being rebuilt on the electro-pneumatic principle. Electricity in organ-building has become very popular in Montreal, some of the finest organs on the continent having either been constructed or reconstructed in that city on this principle.

A feature of the music at St. Simon's church at to-morrow evening's service will be the singing of Gounod's beautiful setting of *Gloria* to *Thou God Thy Night*, by Mr. Allan C. Fairweather of the church choir.

It will be noticed in another column that the eminent vocal teacher, J. H. Kowalski of Chicago, is arranging for a summer term in this city if a sufficient number of pupils can be secured.

Dalhousie University, N. S., has appointed Mr. Torrington as associate examiner for the degrees in music at that university.

Miss Frances World will sing Buck's *Fear Not Ye, O Israel*, at to-morrow evening's service in St. Luke's church.

MODERATO.  
British Volunteers and Canadian Competitions.  
London Globe.

In response to a pressing invitation the Council of the National Artillery Association have decided to make a general appeal for the fund which they wish to raise for the purpose of sending out a team of British Volunteer Artillery to Canada. The Canadian Artillery have visited the Shoeburyness meetings of the National Artillery Association in 1881, 1883, 1886 and 1890, their expenses having been almost entirely borne by public subscription in the Dominion and by a grant from the Dominion Government. There is no doubt that many of our best officers and men will be eager to offer themselves to take part in this year's competitions of the Dominion Artillery Association, but a considerable amount will be required to defray the necessary expenses, the total cost being estimated at about \$3,000. The Council therefore urgently appeal for assistance towards this object.

"Yes, grandma, when I graduate I intend following a literary career—write for money, you know." "Why, Willie, my dear, you haven't done anything else since you have been at college."—*Truth.*

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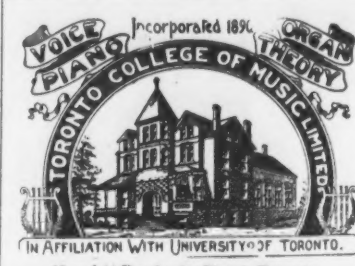
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Krause method as taught by Mr. H. M. Field. 111 Bloor St. West, or Toronto College of Music.

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Maker and Repairer  
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MISS JENNER, graduate of the University of London, England. Is open to all nursing engagements. Tel. 2810. Address—6 Glen Road.

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Fees moderate.

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**ENTRANCE** and Leaving Candidates for next examination will hear of something to their advantage by sending name and address, name of teacher, and location of school, to the Central Business College of Toronto. Send postal without delay and mention this paper. The present session continues until July 1st, and members will be admitted at any time up to that date, and allowed to complete any course selected after the holidays.  
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are always in demand. Positions are offered every day to students of the  
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41 King Street West  
Has just received a choice assortment of  
**PARISIAN AND AMERICAN NOVELTIES**  
Also the newest designs in  
**Hats and Bonnets**  
**SPRING NOVELTIES**  
**MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING**  
See the latest novelties in French Pattern Hats, Bonnets, Veilings, Flowers, etc.

**Mrs. A. Black, 57 King St. West**  
**MRS. ROBERTSON**  
Infants' Outfits from \$10. (Late Mrs. J. Philip)  
Ladies' Trousseau to order.  
Children's Dresses from 50c.  
Small Children's Clothing.  
All kinds to order.  
6 College Street

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**SUN FIRE**  
Insurance Office, of London, England  
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H. M. BLACKBURN, Manager.  
Surplus over capital and all other liabilities  
exceeds \$7,000,000  
**HIGHBOTHAM & LYON - Toronto Agents**  
15 Wellington Street East  
Telephone 488

**OFFICE**  
"Saturate"  
Suitable for an  
to Secretary-T  
THE SH  
**BICYC**  
"96 Patent  
ROOM 1



Social and Personal.

Netley, the place of all others most pathetic in war-time because there is the Royal Victoria Hospital, which shelters the heroes shattered and wounded and sent home for repairs, has the honor of frequent visits from Her Majesty Queen Victoria. On her last visit, the good mother of her soldier sons was so touched at the sight of Piper Findlater's wounded feet that her eyes filled with tears, the rare and precious tears of the aged. A rumor downtown that Staff Surgeon Natress is to be sent to Netley for three months this summer for training, and also to Aldershot for ambulance practice, reminded a good many persons of Netley and the hospital. Needless to state that congratulations on this pleasant bit of news will be in order when it is officially announced.

The well known paying teller in the Bank of Montreal, Mr. Webster, has been absent for a few days on sick leave. Mr. Shaw of the same institution has almost recovered from his illness.

Mrs. Willie Campbell of Stayner, the daughter of the late Sir Cornelius Kortwright, is on a visit to Mrs. Giles of Parkdale.

To-morrow the great military church parade takes place at Massey Hall, when the various regiments and the contingent from Stanley Barracks will unite in the most impressive religious gathering of the year.

I forgot to mention last week that a pretty fur collar was picked up under the feet of the crowd on Friday, after the 18th Highlanders' entertainment. The officer who found the collar will be glad of the name of the owner.

Mr. Gates of the Bank of Montreal is still away with friends in Hamilton. I hear he has not improved in health as much as was expected.

The general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, Mr. Hays, was in the city this week for a short time.

Mr. W. B. Caldwell of Leopold street left for Pittsburg on Wednesday. Miss Agnes Dunlop is staying with Mrs. Caldwell.

Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith returned from the sea-side last week. Miss Rosalie Fuller is visiting friends in the East. Captain Nelles of Stanley Barracks will probably go to Winnipeg shortly. Mr. Jim Elmes is taking a course of instruction at Stanley Barracks.

Canadian Military Tournament

HORSE SHOW

Armories, May 4, 5, 6 & 7  
Reserve seat plan open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. at Treble's new store, cor. King and Yonge Sts.  
Popular Prices. Reduced Railway Rates.

MONS. MERCIER'S Grand Farewell Concert

Association Hall, Monday, May 2nd  
The Leading Artists of Toronto will take part.  
Miss BEVERLEY ROBINSON  
Miss KATE ARCHER  
Miss FANNIE SULLIVAN  
Signor DELASCO  
Mr. J. H. CAMERON  
Mr. BEARDMORE  
Reserved seats 50 and 75c. Plan at Messrs. Mason & Hirsch Music Rooms, King St. West.

Nicholas Rooney

62 YONGE ST.  
LACE CURTAINS  
TABLE LINENS  
TABLE NAPKINS  
TOWELS  
SHEETINGS  
PILLOW COTTON  
PILLOW LINEN  
QUILTS  
BLACK SILKS  
&c., &c.

Regarding the Horse Show

Friday and Saturday of next week we expect to be extremely busy, as there will be a number of society people from a distance attending the Horse show and Military Tournament. We would consider it a great favor if citizens could make it convenient to be photographed on days other than these.  
FREDERICK LYONDE  
101 King St. West.

WILLIS DRAMATIC SCHOOL

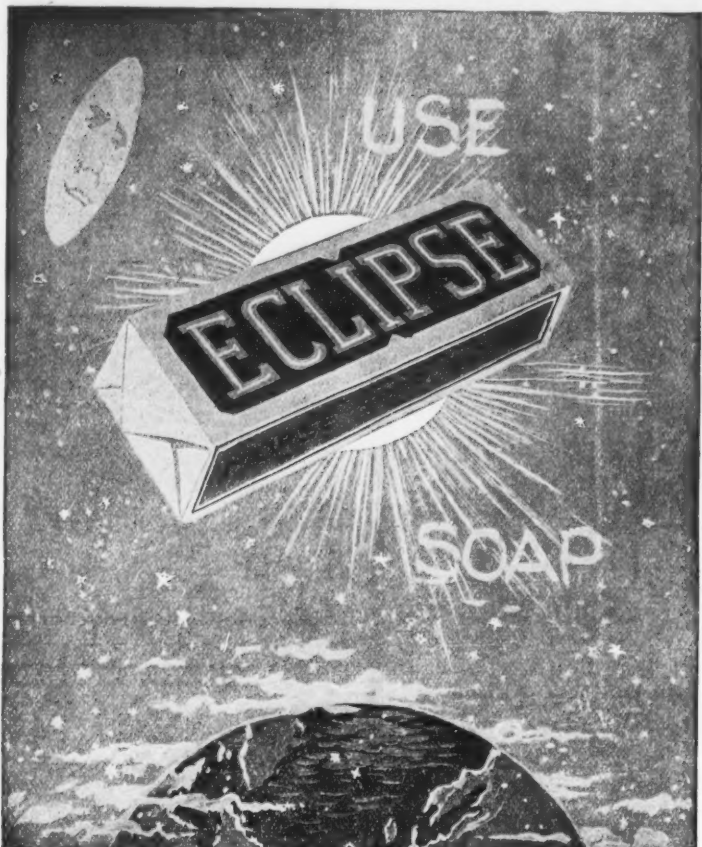
and Canadian Academy of Dramatic Art  
Under the personal direction of Mr. Ernest Willis, late of Mrs. Bernard Beere's London Company, also of Kyle Bellow and Mrs. Urquhart Potter's dramatic organizations. Two years under Mons. Maris, the celebrated French actor and stage manager. Pupils thoroughly instructed in all that pertains to READING, ACTING, ORATORY.  
Terms for night classes moderate. Day pupils taught privately. Mr. Willis will give readings, and entertain privately at clubs, etc., one night in each week. Terms on application.  
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Lady's or Gentleman's  
70 Pattern—New—For Sale Cheap  
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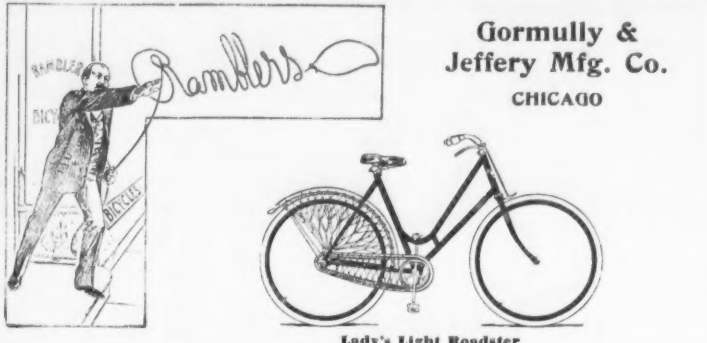
SPEECH IMPEDIMENT

The Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery, after a seven years' intimate knowledge of this institute, says: "The medical profession can have every confidence in the firm of Church & Byrne, 9 Pembroke Street."

Shoes for the Horse Show

Stylish ladies and gentlemen attending the Horse Show will be particular about their shoes. No trouble to get what is correct, they are here. Our Patent Leather Savoy Shoe will please the most fastidious dressers. They are here in all sizes and widths, in either Vici Kid Top or Vesting Top. The sight of these goods will please you. No trouble but a pleasure to show them to you.

W. L. WALLACE, 110 Yonge St.



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NINE MODELS—\$70  
IDEAL BICYCLES  
EIGHT MODELS—\$30 to \$50

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Hardware and Bicycles  
53 Yonge Street  
Branch—161 Yonge Street

TORONTO, April 25th, 1898.

WE OFFER AT PAR, SUBJECT TO ALLOTMENT:  
\$100 BONDS Interest at 5 per cent. \$70,000 5 PER-CENT 20-YEAR First Mortgage Bonds

OF THE BELLEVILLE CITY RAILROAD.  
Interest payable semi-annually, on the first day of May and November. Coupons payable at the Bank of Montreal, Toronto. Bonds of the denomination of \$100 each, dated April 25th, 1898. The bonds being secured by a first mortgage deed, made to the Trust Corporation of Ontario, on the entire Plant, Franchise, Property and Extensions to be made of the Belleville Traction Company, Limited, of Belleville, Ontario.  
Subscriptions will be received for the above issue in amounts to suit purchasers, according to Application Blank below.

PRESENT ROAD AND EQUIPMENT, BUILT IN 1895.

Two miles of track have already been laid; the construction is first-class.  
ROAD-BED.—Macadam stone ballast.  
TIES.—2 1/2 to 3 to the mile, hemlock, cedar and tamarack, in good condition.  
RAILS.—Bonds with copper wire and cross-banded every 12 1/2 feet.  
POLES.—Thirty feet seven inch top cedar poles in good condition, set in rock five feet or dirt six feet, 100 feet apart on tangents, twenty feet apart on curves, all in good alignment.  
OVER-HEAD CONSTRUCTION.—Span work in good condition, guy and span wire 1/4 in. stranded galvanized wire iron, trolley wire—0—copper.  
POWER-HOUSE EQUIPMENT.—The buildings are situated on the banks of the Moira River and are in good repair. The Company own the property, which includes one of the best mill sites on the River, capable of generating easily 100 H.P. for eight or nine months of the year. The buildings on the property consist of a power house 40 x 50, separated from engine-room by stone wall; storehouses 40 x 15, attached to main building, square brick stack, sixty feet set in stone foundation, five thirty inches square, base five feet square; a double two-story brick house; a one and a half-story brick house.  
POWER-HOUSE EQUIPMENT.—One cross compound Brown engine, 13 x 20 x 30; one independent jet condenser, 6 x 9 x 12; one horizontal tubular boiler, 62 x 14 x 3 tubes; brick foundation and setting; one vertical boiler, 20 x 5; one duplex steam pump; all necessary piping, valves and belting; one Canadian G. E. generator, 100 K.W.M.P., 650 revolutions, 500 volts; one slate panel switch-board, complete, 200 amperes, 500 volts. The present power-house equipment is amply sufficient to furnish more power than is necessary for the present extension.  
CAR EQUIPMENT.—One twenty-one foot closed motor car, equipped with two twenty-five H.P. E. & S. 800 motors and two series parallel controllers, Brill No. 21 truck; one sixteen foot closed motor car, same as above; two ten-bench open cars, converted into motors. The proposed extension will necessitate the building of about three miles additional road, which is intended to be in the most substantial manner and to equip it with the most modern and improved car service.  
FRANCHISE.—The franchise is for twenty years, with the right of renewal for twenty years longer; gives exclusive right on all the roads and bridges, and exempts the Company from taxation; does not require to pay any percentage of the receipts to the City, and allows the road to cease operations during the months of December, January, February and March, if not considered, paying by the management. The charter gives the Company permission to run excursion boats.

BONDS.  
The proceeds of the sale of bonds are to be used in building three miles of extensions, purchasing closed and excursion cars of the latest improved pattern, to accommodate the increased business of the Company, erecting a car-house, relaying the present two miles with steel rails, building a dam across the River Moira, paying off a floating indebtedness, and either purchasing or leasing thirty acres of land and fitting up for a park, as hereafter mentioned.

EXTENSIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.  
It is proposed to extend the line from Front Street West to the proposed Park and Cemetery, which will run, nearly the whole way, through a thickly settled section, and will have on the route the Government Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the Mineral Baths and the Agricultural Grounds.  
There are no parks at present in Belleville, but within three miles from the center of the City, on the shore of the Bay of Quinte, is situated the Belleville Cemetery. Adjoining the Cemetery, on the City side, the Company have selected about thirty acres for a park, one of the most charming spots on the bay. The thirty acres is to be fitted up with half-mile horse and bicycle track, cricket ground, lacrosse and base-ball grounds. A large pavilion for refreshments and general amusements is to be built.

RECEIPTS.  
At present, only two miles of track being laid, with termini at the railroad depot and steamboat dock, the residual portion of the city is not reached, and the receipts are derived from these connections only.  
As shown by the books of the Company, from this patronage was realized for the two complete years it has been in operation  
\$11,138.12, an average per year of ..... \$5,569.21  
It is estimated that the revenue to be derived from the extension—  
Park and its attractions (only estimating twenty days for special attractions and 750 attendance)..... \$3,740.00  
Car service..... 1,500.00  
Average daily attendance park and cemetery, May to Oct., 180 days, 300 ..... 3,000.00  
Ordinary traffic outside of park and cemetery, per day, \$7.50, 300 days..... 2,250.00  
\$16,059.21  
As shown by the books of the Company, the running expenses for the two years have been, per year  
Additional expenses for fuel to new increased car service..... \$4,096.00  
Additional help, 312 days..... 1,248.00  
Contingencies..... 1,000.00  
\$6,344.00  
When the dam is built (which it is proposed doing at once) it will save \$8 per day in fuel, for eight months at least, say 240 days..... 1,600.00  
\$5,629.00  
The estimate, which has been carefully gone into, is very conservative and based on the lowest possible results, shows a net profit of..... \$11,339.21  
Interest on \$70,000 issue of five per cent. bonds..... 3,500.00  
Net, after paying all charges..... \$7,839.21  
We have carefully examined the above figures and certify that the receipts for the last two years are correct, also believe that the estimate as to future earnings and expenses are conservative.

(Signed) S. S. LAZIER, Local Master of the Supreme Court.  
Dated Belleville, CAMERON BROWN, Manager of the Daily Sun Publishing and Printing Co.  
April 25th, 1898. JOHN J. E. FLINT, Police Magistrate of the City.  
DAVID B. ROBERTSON, City Clerk.

BELLEVILLE.  
The City of Belleville, in the County of Hastings, with a population of about 12,000, is situated on the Bay of Quinte, about 125 miles from Toronto and 200 from Montreal. It is a thriving busy place, surrounded by excellent farming lands, and has one of the best markets in the Province.  
The buildings are principally of brick and stone, the private residences being superior to those in places of much larger size.  
The streets are broad, good macadamized roads, and the principal sidewalks are concrete. It has an excellent system of water supply, gas and electric light.  
Shops of the Grand Trunk Railway are situated here, Belleville being a divisional point on the road.  
The railway depot is located at the North-East part of the City, about one and one-half miles from the main center of Front Street (the principal business thoroughfare), and is about two miles from the steamboat dock.  
The following places are worthy of notice: Three Colleges, one Government Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, three Daily Newspapers, three Foundries, two Canning Factories, four Flour Mills, one Tinware Factory, three Cabinet Factories, one Furniture Factory, one Paper Mill, one Carriage Factory and one Woolen Mill.

Yours respectfully,  
E. L. SAWYER & CO.,  
42 King Street West, Toronto.  
WYATT & CO.,  
Members of Toronto Stock Exchange.

FORM OF APPLICATION

Wyatt & Co.,  
OR  
E. L. Sawyer & Co.,  
42 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

GENTLEMEN:  
I request that you allot me..... Bonds of the par value of \$100 each.

This is in accordance with your prospectus, issued the 25th day of April, 1898, wherein you offer the bonds of the Belleville Traction Company, Limited; and I agree to pay for said bonds on allotment. I also agree to accept any lesser amount that may be apportioned me.

Name in full.....  
Address.....  
The Bonds can be paid for either by remitting direct to our Bonders, the Bank of Montreal, or authorizing us to draw through your Bank, with Bonds attached to draft.

No Substitute

"Reindeer Brand"

CONDENSED COFFEE is PURE COFFEE

with cream and sugar added, so that it may be prepared in a hurry, anywhere.

You can't spoil it!

ALL GROCERS

Crown and Bridge Work

Is the dental feature of the present and future. This is our great specialty. Every case is successful. Don't fail to call and see samples of our work. Only \$1 to \$5 per tooth. Special plates. Just teeth and painless extraction only \$5.

H. A. GALLOWAY, L.D.S.  
Cor. Yonge and Queen Sts.  
Entrance 21 Queen East. Phone 701.

You Can Count

ON OUR Wedding Cakes

We spare no pains to make them perfect in every respect. Their handsome decorations, delicious almond icing and fine rich quality have made them very popular. 30c. and 50c. a lb. Sent to any address.

Giles

Caterer and Confectioner  
719 Yonge St. Tel. 3423

Spoonology!

We know it from beginning to end. There is no more sensible gift than glittering, solid silver Table, Dessert or Tea Spoons. Our...

Solid Silver 50c. Teaspoon makes a pretty souvenir.

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SGHEUER'S  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL JEWELLERS  
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Stock Wine Sets

A very complete range—newly imported—patterns cut border and cut olive flutes comprising decanters, claret jugs, finger bowls, ice plates, table tumblers, champagne, claret, port, sherry, liquors and water jugs.  
We invite you to see them. Visitors to the Horse Show next week are invited to our warehouses.

CHINA HALL

JOS. IRVING  
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THE BEST  
Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first-class grocers.



**Nina D'Alvigny**  
—Contractor of the Plancon  
—Concerts and the Melan-  
—man & Co. Piano

"I am pleased to add my testimony to the high standard of perfection which your piano has reached, witnessed by me when a visitor in Toronto. The tone is powerful and elastic, the time sweet, the touch light and unobtrusive, and the singing quality unsurpassed. You have my best wishes for your well-merited success."

**Toronto Warerooms:**  
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WIRE BED SPRINGS

have all the good points most desired, viz:

**STRENGTH—COMFORT—CHEAPNESS**

Owing to the patent interlocking wires the beds cannot sag. It gives them greater elasticity, and makes the fabric 30 times stronger. When you buy a "Hercules" spring, see that the registered trade mark "Hercules" is on it. Be wise and take no other kind; it is patented, and for sale by most of the regular furniture dealers. Manufactured solely by the GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MFG. CO., Toronto. Two Large Factories.

### Society at the Capital.

Hard as it may be to believe, it is nevertheless true that there has not been a single thing given "in aid of St. Luke's Hospital" during the past two weeks. Such an appalling state of affairs has never been known before. Accustomed to semi-monthly balls, bazaars, theatricals, "send-your-age-in-coppers" entertainments for the charitable purpose of raising funds for St. Luke's Hospital, society had lately been paralyzed with the fear that these far from "few and far between" calls upon its purse were a thing of the past. Happily, however, this fear was alleviated by the dance given in the Racquet Court on Thursday evening in order to raise money to buy quilts and pillow-shams. This reminds me of a *bon mot* going the rounds here, namely, that the recent society thefts must have been "in aid of St. Luke's Hospital." A few of the well known people at Thursday evening's dance were: Sir James and Lady Carnac, Miss Carnac, Hon. Mr. Dobell, Mrs. Dobell, Miss Dobell, Hon. Mr. Sifton, Mrs. Sifton, Col. Turner, the United States Consul, and Mrs. Turner, Mr. Bostock, M.P., Mrs. Bostock, Sir James and Lady Grant, Mrs. Edgar, the Misses Edgar, and many others. Sir James Carnac, Bart., Lady Carnac



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OF CANADA  
**C. B. SCANTLEBURY**  
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Sample books of Choice Wall Paper for Residences, Churches, Offices, Lodges, Rooms, Public Halls, Hotels, Stores and our booklet, "How to Paper," sent free to any address. Write a postcard. Mention what prices you expect to pay; the rooms you wish to paper and where you saw this advertisement. We pay express charges. Mail order department at Belleville, Ont. Address all communications there.

### How Many Dinners?

Are poorly cooked and kept late because the stove is "contrary." Why not buy Gurney's?

### Duchess of Oxford

It is the fire always answers to a touch—it stays low for hours without attention or burns up briskly at a moment's notice. You can count on it meeting all your changing needs, and yet it consumes very little fuel. It is the mechanical excellence of the Duchess which makes it so quick and responsive to your wishes. They are low in price, last a lifetime, and each one is guaranteed. Sold by dealers everywhere. Made by

**THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO.**  
LIMITED  
TORONTO

## The BON MARCHE

ARE NOW SELLING THE

### Bankrupt Stock of Boisseau Bros. of Montreal

# Amounting to \$84,318.70

This valuable stock consists of Black and Colored Dress Silks and Satins, Black and Colored Dress Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, Ribbons, Parasols, Jackets, Capes, Silk Chiffons and Gauzes, Silk Blouses, Made-up Skirts, Underskirts, Lace and Chenille Curtains, Housefurnishing Goods, and all kinds of Staple Goods.

ALL the above FIRST-CLASS GOODS selling AT 50c and 65c ON THE DOLLAR.

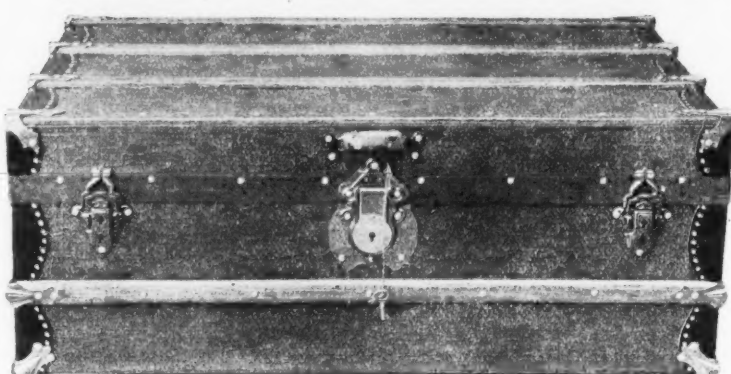
LADIES DON'T MISS IT!

**F. X. COUSINEAU & CO.,** 7 and 9 King St. East  
TORONTO

## The STEAMER TRUNK

Is an Indispensable Convenience for the Tourist

Kit Bags  
Suit Cases  
Club Bags  
and  
Traveling  
Bags  
of all  
Descriptions



Dress Trunks  
Basket Trunks  
Rugs  
Carryalls.  
Everything  
in  
Fine Traveling  
and  
Leather Goods

Made by **The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO.,** 105 King St. W.  
LIMITED TEL. 233

and Miss Carnac, who will probably spend some time in Ottawa, have engaged a comfortable suite of rooms at the Victoria Chambers.

Mr. Alfred Dobell is in town, the guest of Hon. Mr. Dobell and Mrs. Dobell, Cooper street.

The tea hour on Thursday afternoon last found a brilliant little coterie of people assembled in the handsome studio of Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy, R.C.A.

That ever popular visitor, Mrs. Aldous of Winnipeg, is in town on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Bate of Tremick House.

His Excellency the Governor General and the Countess of Aberdeen gave another large dinner party at Government House on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Montizambert, the charming sister of Mrs. Douglas Armour of Toronto, is in town on a visit to Mrs. Trand Beard of Sweetland avenue.

The pretty clubhouse out at the golf links on the Chelsea road presented a very animated appearance on Friday afternoon. The occasion was the first golf tea of the season, at which Mrs. Egan officiated as hostess. These teas were immensely popular last year and everyone gladly welcomes their starting again.

Mrs. Drummond Hogg of Somerset street was the hostess at a bright little tea last week given in honor of Mrs. Arthur Dicky of Amherst, N.S.

Friday next will see the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Clayton. To celebrate the occasion, society will be entertained at a large At Home by Mr. and Mrs. Clayton on Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Mulock, wife of the Postmaster-General, gave a most successful luncheon party on Thursday evening of last week. The table was prettily arranged with smilax and roses. Those present included: Lady Laurier, Lady Carnac, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Fielding, Lady Davies, Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Dobell, Lady Caron, Madame Pelletier and others.

Mr. Justice Sedgewick and Mrs. Sedgewick were the host and hostess at a most successful dinner party on Monday evening, the guests being: Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Hon. Mr. Foster, Mrs. Foster, Mr. Justice Burbridge, Mrs. Burbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Newcombe, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Egan, Dr. Reynolds, and Mrs. Yeomans of Halifax, who is Mrs. Sedgewick's guest.

Mrs. Dobell has sent out cards for At Homes to come on Saturday, April 30, and Monday, May 2.

Hon. Mr. Dobell and Mrs. Dobell entertained at dinner on Saturday evening last: His Lordship the Bishop of Ottawa and Mrs. Hamilton, Hon. Mr. Edgar, Mrs. Edgar, Hon. Mr. Sifton, Mrs. Sifton, Mr. Brodeur, M.P., Mme. Brodeur, Hon. Mr. Mulock, Mrs. Mulock, Hon. Mr. Tarte, Mme. Tarte, and Mr. and Mrs. Egan. Ottawa, April 27, '98.

Watts—It takes travel to bring out what there is in a man. Potts—Especially sea travel.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

**Dress up Your Boy**

in Brownie Overalls and turn him loose  
All the novelties in Boys' Clothing are ready at

**Oak Hall, Clothiers**  
115 to 121 King Street East, Toronto



**It's Used on Ours Only**

The superiority of our one piece crank over any now in use is admitted by every expert, and our confidence in them presents you with an unconditional guarantee for one year from date of purchase. We put them on all our '98 models.

**Welland Vale Mfg. Co., Limited**  
St. Catharines, Ont.



**Toronto Store:**  
**147 & 149 Yonge Street**

"How do you manage to look so solemn when all these amusing things are happening?" asked the young man who was buying for the actor. "I think of my salary," said the Theatrical.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Hewitt—That hotel clerk queered himself last night. Jewett—How was that? Hewitt—A lady he was calling upon happened to say that her foot was asleep, and he absent-mindedly asked her what time she would have it called.—*Toronto Topics*

## FROM INDIA AND CEYLON...

"TETLEY'S TEAS PLEASE"

For Guests

If you want a really fine, full flavored, rich "bodied" tea, to offer your guests, or for the family circle, get

**Tetley's TEAS**

**Elephant Brand**—of course the more expensive grades are best—but all are good pure tea, and whether you get the 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. or \$1. per lb. grades any of them are

**BEST OF TEA VALUES**

Sold at above prices by all good grocers, in ½ & 1 lb. air tight lead packets. Always Pure, Always Fresh.

## The Most Important

and valuable part of a Radiator is the connection.

**"Safford" PATENT Radiators**

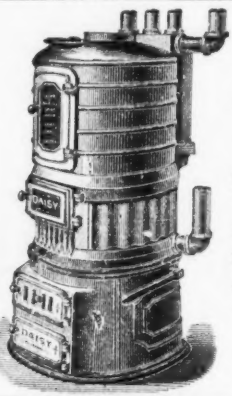
are connected with right and left screwed nipples, which are acknowledged by all leading heating engineers to be the most scientific principle in heating by either Hot Water or Steam.

Manufactured by...

**The Toronto Radiator Mfg. Co.**

LIMITED TORONTO, Ont.

The Largest Radiator Manufacturers Under the British Flag



## HEATERS

A boiler that will not heat is very dear at any price, and is not worth the space it occupies.

The

**"Spence Daisy Boiler"**

for Hot Water is the modern invention for house warming.

**NO DUST NO GAS**

moist, healthful heat, evenly distributed.

Made in twelve sizes and with twin connections for larger institutions.

**The TORONTO RADIATOR**

... Manufacturing Co., Limited TORONTO, Ont.

### Well Dressed Toronto.

All Toronto will go to the Horse Show well dressed. Next week will be a gala and ultra-fashionable event, and students of style in dress are predicting some of the handsomest gowns it has been the pleasure of Toronto's fair society to appear in at any former event of a sporting or semi-sporting sort. Judging by the many gentlemen who have consulted Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin block, there's being more care taken in this quarter that they shall appear at the Show in garments which are absolutely correct at such affairs, and that many of the erstwhile off-style, inappropriate garments will be missing when the bugle blows for the first event. Mr. Taylor takes credit for a good deal of the educating into this necessarily harmonious state; and the number of morning, afternoon and evening suits, to say nothing of Coverts, Pale-tots, Surtouts, Chesterfields, in the top coat order, insures the fact that well dressed gentlemen will be the rule. It may not be too late yet to have a hint from him of what you ought to wear and when.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Mr. Nicholas Rooney, 62 Yonge street, who offers for sale at very low prices, lace curtains, table-linen, table-napkins, towel, quilts, sheeting, pillow-cotton, black dress silks, etc., etc.

### The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

#### Births.

JACKSON—April 21, at 633 Manning ave., Toronto, Mrs. H. E. Jackson—a daughter. LAIDLAW—April 21, Mrs. John Baird Laidlaw—a daughter. MABEE—Port Hope, April 21, Mrs. G. E. Mabey—a daughter. DENISEN—April 18, Mrs. Arthur Denisen—a son. EVANS—Owen Sound, April 22, Mrs. H. P. Leppard—a son. LEPPARD—April 12, Mrs. Sanford Leppard—a son. BUDGE—Mandaun, April 21, Mrs. A. L. Budge—a daughter. GILLIARD—April 20, Mrs. J. W. Gilliard—a daughter. YEATS—April 22, Mrs. T. E. Butler Yeats—a daughter.

#### Marriages.

RAIN—WEATHERSTON—April 30, William Rain to Alicia Constance Weatherston. ROY—McMICHAEL—April 28, Ernest H. Roy to Florence May McMichael. MATHISON—McINTYRE—April 14, Robert Mathison, D.D.S., to Martha McIntyre. DAY—TEMPEST—Port Hope, April 20, Robert E. Day to Maude Murray Tempest. RUPERT—SHAVEH—April 27, J. P. Rupert to Rosanna Shaveh.

#### Deaths.

HOGG—April 27, Walter Hogg, aged 26. HOLLAND—April 27, Margaret Cowan Holland, aged 78. McROR—April 27, Marion Kerr McGregor, aged 61. ROBERTS—Cobourg, April 22, John D. Roberts, aged 61. DAVISON—Chicago, April 30, Margaret Davidson. EVANS—April 21, Susanah Emma Evans, aged 78. FINCH—April 21, Miss A. J. Finch. GOODERHAM—April 21, Thos. Gooderham, aged 62. SANSON—April 21, Eliza Anderson Sanson, aged 61. GIBBS—Chicago, April 17, H. J. Gibbs, aged 73. TUNNING—April 26, Richard Tunning, aged 87. GRIFFITH—April 23, Jane Griffith, aged 87. HOWARD—April 22, Prudence Eliza Howard. VALANT—April 21, George Joseph Valant.

Jr., aged 37. BACHE—Montreal, April 19, Benjamin Bache, aged 85. JOLLIFFE—April 22, James Jolliffe, aged 72.

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**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**

### OPENING OF NAVIGATION ON UPPER LAKES

"Alberta," Tuesday, May 3 "Athabasca," Thursday, May 5 "Manitoba," Saturday, May 7 And on corresponding days of week during navigation season of 1898, making connection at Sault Ste. Marie with "Soo Line," and Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railway for Northern United States points and at Port Arthur and Ft. William with Pacific Express for Canadian North-West, Kootenay, Cariboo, Pacific Coast, Klondike and Yukon Gold Fields.

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The following publications can be obtained upon application to agents Grand Trunk Railway System: "Muskokoka: Land of Health and Pleasure," describing the picturesque Muskokoka Lake region. "Muskokoka Special Folder." "Thousand Islands Folder." "Gateways of Tourist Travel." An interesting guide-book published by the Grand Trunk Railway System, containing descriptive matter—towns, cities and scenery—along the lines of the Grand Trunk. "Guide to the Fishing and Hunting Resorts" on and in the vicinity of the Grand Trunk Railway System, containing reliable information in regard to Fish, Game, Hotels, Livery and general facilities. For all information regarding the Muskokoka Lake Region, Maps, etc., Georgian Bay District, Lakes of Huron, Stoney Lake District, apply agents Grand Trunk Railway System, or to M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A., Toronto.